

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

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TENNESSEE.—MEMPHIS UNDER QUARANTINE RULE—SISTERS OF CHARITY ADMINISTERING TO SICK AND DYING VICTIMS OF YELLOW FEVER.
FROM SKETCHES BY MOISE.—SEE PAGE 40.

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53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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CAUTION.

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WHERE ARE THE "INDEPENDENTS?"

OUR enlightened contemporary, the *Nation*, in recently offering some observations on the relations of the "Independents" to the next Presidential election, took occasion to remark on the strange and inexplicable manner in which the political reformers calling themselves by this name, or by that of "Liberal Republicans," have disappeared from the current phases of our political life and manners. It professed itself unable to tell what has become of them, so complete is the subsidence of all overt agitation on their part; and, in this ignorance of their present whereabouts, it could only ask: "Wherever they are, whether they are so satisfied with the situation, that they mean to give no sign of their existence at the next Presidential election, and to allow all that Mr. Hayes has done to carry out their ideas, even if it be not all he might have done, to be treated by the [next Republican] Convention as a mistake, and quietly ignored?"

While cordially recognizing, with the *Nation*, the great improvement which has been effected in the *morale* of the public service under President Hayes, we incline with it to the opinion that this partial improvement has been solely due to him and his Cabinet, and has not received either support or encouragement from the acknowledged and dominant leaders of the Republican Party. And the views even of the President and of his Cabinet under this head have been so vague and inconsequent that but for remembering the limitations which wait on all human excellence in this terrestrial sphere we should find almost as much room for criticism as for admiration in paying the homage that is due to either. With so many sops thrown to the Southern adventurers who took part in the electoral counts of Louisiana and Florida; with a member of the Cabinet traveling by land and sea under a roving commission in pursuit of the Presidency; with another member of the Cabinet (and he, too, the "bright consummate flower" of Civil Service Reform) making bold to avow that he is supporting Sherman "in every way possible" in order to "kill off Grant"; and, finally, with the Republican Vice-President participating in the scramble of a political convention in New York, we are obviously still at a great remove from that political millennium towards which Mr. Dorman B. Eaton has long been straining his eyes with the faith of a prophet and the zeal of a reformer.

Since the Democratic leaders limit even their cheap professions of favor for Civil Service Reform to a simple change in the *personnel* of the Federal administration, it is plain that the real friends of this great and greatly needed reformation must look rather to themselves than to either of the existing political organizations of the country if they would hope to effect a radical and permanent cure of the evils from which the public service and the political morality of the people have so long suffered at the hands of political traders, wire-pullers and tricksters.

It is in accord with the order of nature, where social interests are involved, that a reform in moral ideas must always precede a reform in political methods and measures. It has been the deplorable weakness of all efforts heretofore made in the direction of an amended Civil Service that the moral sentiment of the country has not been inexorably bent on its attainment, and hence the avowed hostility of "machine politicians" and the half-hearted adhesion of professed friends in this matter of grave public concern. It is, therefore, at once timely and pertinent to ask what the earnest patrons of this reform "mean to do about it" in view of the next Presidential election.

As serving to show that the question has not lost its place even in the field of "practical politics," we observe that the Republicans of Minnesota, at their State Convention held on the 2d instant, adopted the following resolution under this head:

"We adhere to the advanced position heretofore taken by the Republican Party in favor of civil

service reform. A true reform of the civil service should, among other benefits, lead to a reduction in the number of offices and promote economy. Any important measure of civil service reform, in order to be effective, should be put into the form of law, and not be left subject to annulment by mere Executive authority."

Such expressions as these, even when coming from professional politicians (who have sometimes been known to assume virtues without having them) are at least a sign that the "moribund issue" of the last Presidential campaign is not entirely dead, however poorly the starveling child may have been provided for by its foster-parents in whose hands it was farmed out. And on the whole we cherish the abiding conviction that though the present "whereabouts" of the political Independents of the last Presidential campaign may need to be advertised for by the *Nation*, yet in spite of all appearances on the surface of things, the number of such Independents was never so great as at the present time. Indeed, one reason why the organized activity of the old Independents is less conspicuous than it was at a former period may be found in the fact that all the existing political organizations, not even excepting the Greenbackers, are more or less in a state of "dissolution and thaw." New points of crystallization are slowly but surely forming in the present chaos of political opinions and confederations, when, as Mr. Foster, of Ohio, tersely put it a few months ago, "a man scarcely knows what party he belongs to as soon as he crosses a State line." The defection of the Western and Southern Democrats from the hereditary doctrines of their party on the currency, and the Republican reaction against even the "mild" reforms of the Hayes administration in favor of Grant and "Grantism," have jointly combined to weaken the hold of multitudes in both the great historical parties of the country. The Independents are not so much dead as passing through a new Avatar in that perpetual process of political evolution which goes on in the figure of human society, and which is never so much the sign of life as when the decay of effete organizations lends itself to the formation of a new birth in the body politic.

THE BRITISH CROPS AND TRADE.

THE crops in England are ruined, and irretrievably so. She must face the grim reality, and, in facing it, cry *Deo gratias* that her Cousin Jonathan's granary is full to overflowing. The *Mark Lane Express*, the Koran of the English farmer, says: "The damage done is irreparable. No subsequent weather can prevent the outcome of this season's wheat crop proving the most disastrous both in quality and quantity. Happily the weather, the last day or two, has been well suited to harvest operations. Many fields are still quite green, while in others wheat, though more forward, is a bad color. Root crops are choked with weeds. Potatoes have gone from bad to worse. In fact, in no single instance can agricultural prospects be said to have improved during the past fortnight."

The first scene in a new act in the drama of English domestic legislation has been played out in the British House of Commons, and the curtain will not fall until England's land-laws shall have been recast. Her system of agriculture now finds itself unable to bear the strain of American competition, and the Agricultural Commission appointed by Parliament must examine not only the various methods of farming the soil, and the precise influence of foreign competition, but the far wider problem of the tenure of land. The tenant farmers pay about \$350,000,000 to their landlords for rent, over and above which they must pay their laborers before they have a penny for themselves. This Commission will have to ventilate two points of superlative importance: the number of people whom the English soil can be expected to support, and the manner in which the productive power and the market value of land are to be maintained, not to say increased. There are 32,000,000 of consumers, while two-thirds of the soil is in the hands of less than 11,000 owners. Has the death-knell of feudal monopoly been rung?

The *Times* dwells upon the significant fact that while every Bessemer converter in the United States is in full swing, there are no less than forty-four idle in the United Kingdom. Owing to the depression in trade and foreign competition, the earthenware and china manufacturers of Staffordshire have resolved on a reduction of wages of employés, which will affect over fifty thousand workmen. Notices of a reduction of wages, affecting three thousand more cotton operatives, have also been posted in the mills at Glossop, in Derbyshire.

LEGACIES OF THE BERLIN CONGRESS.

WHEN Lord Beaconsfield and Salisbury returned in triumph from Berlin in August, 1878, they declared that they had brought home to England "peace with honor," and boasted that they had effectually checkmated Russia and preserved the

"independence" of the Ottoman Crown. It is now time to observe how far the Treaty of Berlin has been executed, what of its provisions remain still unfulfilled, and what guarantee it affords to-day for the peace of Europe in the future. For the principal articles of the treaty were to be carried out within a year's time from its ratification; and that year was completed on the 3d day of August last. On the one hand, it is energetically claimed, not only by the English Cabinet but by Prince Bismarck and Count Andrassy, that the treaty has reaped all the fruits that were expected of it. On the other, Mr. Gladstone, and with him some leading French and Italian statesmen, declare that it has proved to a large extent abortive, and that the peace of Europe is still threatened by the Eastern Question.

Within certain limits there is a modicum of truth in each of these assertions. There are important provisions of the treaty which have been promptly and completely carried out; there are other important provisions still unfulfilled. An examination of these will show that Russia has by no means gained all that she sought by the Treaty of San Stephano, which was replaced by that of Berlin; and that, on the other hand, the independence of Turkey has been by no means established, and the efficacy of her defenses against Russia has not been secured.

Bulgaria has been detached from the Sultan's dominion and formed into a practically independent State under the rule of a Prince nominated by Russia. But the provision of the treaty by which the great quadrilateral of Bulgarian fortresses were to be razed has not been carried out. Eastern Roumelia, lying south of the Balkans, which would have become independent under the treaty of San Stephano, has been made an "autonomous" province, garrisoned by its own militia, and presided over by a Christian governor, Aleko Pasha, whom the Powers forced the Sultan to nominate, and guaranteed civil and religious liberty. So far the treaty of Berlin is observed; but, contrary to its stipulations, the Sultan has not fortified the Balkans, and does not garrison Bulgaria, in spite of Lord Beaconsfield's boast that he had secured this "impregnable defense" for the Sublime Porte. It seems altogether probable that Russian intrigue, local agitation and the weariness of the Powers, will sooner or later effect a union between Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia, under Prince Alexander; and thus Russia will finally have accomplished her aim to make a single State of the Bulgarian provinces. If this happens, the Sultan's dominion will have dwindled by one-third, and its limit of defense will be the plain of Adrianople, perilously near the capital itself.

The Berlin Congress, to put it mildly, encouraged Greece to look for a cession of Greek-populated territory from Turkey. The Powers did not guarantee such a cession, nor did they agree to coerce the Sultan in the matter; but they held language which led Greece reasonably to expect a portion of Epirus and Thessaly, with the City of Janina, and perhaps Salonica. The Greek claim was founded in justice; for the provinces sought by King George, by every principle of nationality belonged to the Hellenic kingdom. This Greek claim is one of the most awkward legacies of the Congress. It still remains unsatisfied; it is still urged upon the Porte, in any effective form, by Lord Beaconsfield and Prince Bismarck; and England has managed to lose her championship of Greek interests, which has been warmly taken up by France, and in a degree by Italy. The Greek question is a sore and irritating one, and likely enough contains within it the seeds of future wars.

It is true that the Berlin Treaty, while permitting Austria to occupy Bosnia temporarily, put no limit upon the period of that occupation; but its continuance is scarcely in accord with the intention of the Congress, and is at this moment causing bad blood between Austria and Russia. This occupation was regarded as a temporary expedient, as a protection to Austria, while the affairs of Turkey, in confusion as a consequence of war, were being settled. But Russia has so far faithfully fulfilled her engagements at Berlin as to withdraw her troops entirely from Turkish territory within the stipulated time; and Austria would seem to have no motive left for keeping her hold on Bosnia, unless, indeed, her motive is to finally annex that province to her own Empire.

The clear understanding that England made herself responsible for the inauguration of extensive reforms in the Sultan's Asiatic dominion has not yet been carried out. A few corrupt or tyrannical pashas have been dismissed at Sir Henry Layard's instance; but Asia Minor is reported as still sunk in the degradation in which the Berlin Congress found it. This is a serious branch of the Eastern Question, and bristles with future dangers. But the English Ministers plead for time, and promise that ere long the reforms will have been effected.

It seems that, after all, the most serious loss of Russia, in exchanging the Treaty of

Berlin for that of San Stephano, has been in the matter of the war indemnity demanded by her from Turkey. By the latter treaty, Russia would have held Turkish territory in pledge for its payment, and would have been able to seize the first fruits of the Turkish revenues to defray it, in postponement of the interest of Turkey's creditors. The Treaty of Berlin deprived Russia of these guarantees, and thus made the securing of the indemnity a remote if not an impossible task.

A general survey of the consequences of the Berlin Treaty would lead to the conclusion that it postponed, but by no means settled, the Eastern Question. It left behind it many seeds that may ripen into a general European conflict. While it rid Turkey of Russian troops, and saved Constantinople from imminent attack, it really weakened the Sultan's power nearly, if not quite, as much as that power would have been weakened by the Treaty of San Stephano. Turkey is actually as much deprived, as a source of national defense and revenue, of Eastern Roumelia as of Bulgaria. She has probably lost Bosnia forever. That she must sooner or later settle with Greece, and give up her Greek provinces, is certain; it is only a question of time. Portions of her territory have been taken away and added to Roumania, Serbia, and Montenegro; and these bitter enemies have been strengthened by her loss. The Asiatic reforms will probably be abandoned; England must be content with the not very promising acquisition of Cyprus, which is virtually another loss to Turkey. Neither Lord Beaconsfield nor Prince Gortschakoff have much ground for triumph in the issue of the Treaty of Berlin. At best, it was a compromise between two antagonists who were not ready to encounter each other in a trial of arms. Russia did not secure the full fruits of her expenditure of men and money; England did not secure, in Turkey, an invincible barrier against Russian aggression. The Eastern Question still exists.

THE CALIFORNIA ELECTION.

THE California election has resulted in a mixed verdict. The Workingmen, or Kearneyites, carry San Francisco for their Mayor and some other offices, the Republicans elect the Governor and three of the four Congressmen, and the Democrats and Workingmen secure local advantages in a few places where they combined their vote. So far as can be determined from the imperfect returns, the preponderance of advantage in the State at large is largely with the Republicans. Kallooh's plurality in San Francisco is small, and but for the sympathy in his behalf created by the murderous assault of De Young, he would probably have been defeated. In view of all the circumstances of the contest, the result must certainly be regarded as a triumph for the conservative sentiment of the State. The Kearney faction will never again be able to command so large a vote as on this occasion, when the depression of business and other exceptional causes operated in their favor.

EVENTS ABROAD.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY, England's only general, finding that setting a price upon Cetewayo's head failed to produce the required article, has taken to hunting the Zulu lion, and the most recent dispatches announce the burning of Amrakage, the immortal rebel's kraal, and the destruction of his powder magazine, ten miles distant therefrom. The pursuit is being maintained by human blood-hounds who, according to Archibald Forbes, delight in pig-sticking, as the feats of the Seventeenth Lancers at Ulundi have been grimly designated. Cetewayo had notified Wolseley that he was willing to submit and pay taxes, but that the country must be cleared of British soldiers. His messengers were informed that Cetewayo was no longer king, and that he must surrender unconditionally.

Will John Bull refuse to pay that little bill for Newfoundland fish of \$103,000? He is hemming and hawing, and stroking his chin with his forefinger and thumb. He is cogitating, ruminating and endeavoring to pooh-pooh it, but Secretary Evarts wants his money and means to have it, too. The *Times* declares that the "inshore fisheries are the inalienable heritage of Canada and Newfoundland, and that these countries must say whether and on what terms participation in them should be granted to a foreign country." To say the least of it, this is the sublimity of impudence, in view of the fact that the Washington Treaty guarantees our fishermen the same rights on these grounds as are enjoyed by the natives. There is a cloud on the horizon, and who can say that a few miserable cod-fish will not prove a *cause célèbre* if not a *casus belli*.

Paris has had her sensation in the arrival of the amnestied Communists from New Caledonia. The scenes at the Orleans Railway depot were such as delight the hearts of the Paris bourgeoisie. The ex-convicts looked pale and thin, and as a rule

were accompanied by the pet animals who had shared their exile." How truly French this is!

Marshal Canrobert has succeeded in running with the hare and in hunting with the hounds. He obeyed the Government of the Republic by remaining at home instead of attending the funeral of the son of the man who made him, and then, as a private tourist, when all was over, he visited Chislehurst and made his peace with the Empress Eugénie. The man who uttered the words to his cuirassiers and dragoons on the Crimean battlefield, "You are live bullets which I send at will on the enemy," should have flung his commission in the teeth of the Minister of War and have been pall-bearer on that melancholy day.

A dispatch from Rangoon announces that the souls of the Burmese are in arms and eager for the fray, that twelve guns have been mounted on the frontier and 40,000 men concentrated. The departure of the British Resident is considered at Mandalay to be a triumph for the party hostile to the British, as the King stoutly refuses all communication with any official under a Resident. This is another chance looming up for Beaconsfield — another "peace with honor"; and who knows but that Tracy Turnernell may yet be enabled to place the wreath upon the head of the Sphinx?

"Little Martinez Campos, the fighting cock of Spain," consents to Alfonso's marriage with the Archduchess Marie, and the Cortez is to be convoked by that good little man early in November. Campos, for he is the Alpha and Omega of the Cabinet, the power behind the throne, has also decided to instruct his diplomatic puppet at Washington to insist upon Cuban refugees and filibusters being compelled to respect neutral obligations. It is supposed that this refers to the Cuban organization in New York, and that the desperation of the Spanish Government is such that it will not hesitate to ask our Government to prevent the holding of public meetings or parades having for their object the creation of sympathy for the insurgents in Cuba.

Leo XIII. is the type of a peace-maker, the human dove to send forth laden with oil for the troubled waters, at least so thinks Martinez Campos, who has confidentially solicited His Holiness to induce Don Carlos to enter a monastery, or at least to yield up his pretensions to the Crown of Spain in favor of Alfonso. The Pope, a shrewd man of the world, despite his being inclosed by the four high walls of the Vatican, didn't see it, and blandly replied that he could not well interfere, but that he would advise the Count de Chambord to be consulted in the capacity of peacemaker. Verily, Leo loveth a joke.

There are some indications of a quarrel between Austria and Italy, growing out of the restiveness of the latter over the question of the *irredenta* provinces. A leading conservative organ in Rome declares that Italy will never concede that "Italian provinces still under Austrian sway belong to Austria by full right and shall continue to do so indefinitely." — The Russian Imperial Council has decided, despite the remonstrances of the Grand Duke Constantine and Count Tolstoe, to introduce further repressive measures against the Nihilists. It is difficult to stamp down molten lava, as the Russian police have already discerned to their cost.

The French Government has been beaten in the Councils-General on the Ferry Educational Bill. — At a recent banquet at which Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell, Home Rule Member of the House of Commons from Meath, was present, a toast to the Queen was blessed. The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland has directed an investigation of the circumstances under which Mr. Parnell, a magistrate and member of Parliament, permitted such an indignity to Her Majesty to pass unnoticed. — At a recent disorderly meeting of some 15,000 persons in Limerick, assembled to consider the land question, Mr. Parnell advised farmers to combine and pay no rent until they got a reduction, and advised landlords to accept these terms while they could, as the opportunity would never recur. The crowd applauded the address and shouted in favor of shooting landlords and agents. — The crops in Italy are a total failure. Perhaps King Humbert will now cease manufacturing 100-ton guns, and apply the lire towards relieving his distressed subjects.

The decrease in the public debt during the month of August amounted to \$3,527,395. The amount of cash in the Treasury on the 1st instant was \$243,696,228. The total number of standard silver dollars coined to that date was 10,273,050. The aggregate weight of the silver paid out from the United States Treasury and United States Mints during August was fifty-six tons.

NOW HERE is something alarming. A paper on the anthracite coal fields of Pennsylvania, read at the recent meeting of scientists at Saratoga, declares that in 186 years, or in the year 2065, these fields will be totally exhausted, and we will be compelled to fall back on the bituminous coal fields. It is consoling to know that these latter have an area of

200,000 square miles, and that there is no danger that the supply will give out for at least a century or two. And by that time, if the millenarians are correct in their predictions, the question of coal supply will not be likely to trouble the scientists or anybody else on this terrestrial ball.

DURING the month of August 12,135 immigrants arrived at this port, making the number for the present year 76,809—an increase of 22,654 over last year. The increase is mainly from Scotland, Ireland, Norway and Sweden. Nearly all the immigrants of the year have settled in the Western States, where all of them find steady employment and opportunities to make the most of any peculiar capacity they may possess.

SECRETARY SCHURZ is making a personal investigation into the arrangement of the Indian Agencies, having spent some time in Dakota in learning for himself just how the agencies are conducted, and whether the Indians are treated fairly. He is the first Secretary of the Interior who ever went among the Indians to investigate charges against the agencies and secure efficiency in the management of Indian affairs. He is reported as finding among the Indians generally gratifying evidences of advancement, and there can scarcely be a doubt that great benefits will result from his visit to these camps, and his official manifestation of interest in their welfare.

GENERAL GRANT sailed from Yokohama for San Francisco, September 3d, and will probably reach the Golden Gate somewhere about the 25th. During his stay in Japan he was the recipient of the very highest honors. The Mikado is reported to have consulted him on many important points of international policy, and to some extent of domestic policy. It is not surprising that the Japanese Government should desire, in the present situation of national affairs, to avail itself of the counsel of so conspicuous a representative of the one country which has always manifested a genuine friendship and sympathy with it.

THE official statement of Mr. Louis H. Cramer, Receiver of Taxes at Saratoga, covering his transactions for the last nine months, is in every way a model document. It shows in minutest detail all his receipts and disbursements, supplying just the information needed by every taxpayer as to the disposition of the public moneys. In these days when so many public officials obscure and muddle their accounts so as to make them unintelligible, and thus frequently conceal irregularities, waste and plunder, it is gratifying to learn that there are some custodians of public trusts who rightly appreciate their responsibilities and discharge them intelligently and conscientiously.

THE indications of the political canvass in Ohio favor the election of the Republican candidate for Governor. The financial heresies of General Ewing are alienating many of the best men of his party, while the activity and popularity of Mr. Foster, on the other hand, are everywhere consolidating and invigorating the Republicans, who aim not only to elect their Governor, but to obtain control of the Legislature, and so secure Mr. Thurman's seat in the United States Senate. The influence of the result, whatever it may be, will not be confined to Ohio; on the contrary, it will be felt in every Northern and Western State, and, as to the financial question, may prove decisive to an extent not now anticipated.

THE Republican State Convention, held at Saratoga last week, adopted at least one resolution which will command almost universal assent, as follows: "Moneyed and transportation corporations are not alone the works of private enterprise, but are created for public use, and with due regard to vested rights it is the clear province and the plain duty of the State to supervise and regulate such corporations as to secure the just and impartial treatment of all interested." If the Republican Party of New York had only acted up to the doctrine here announced when it had the power, the public would have escaped very many of the evils of corporation management which have been disclosed by the Legislative inquiry now in progress, and which seem to have become firmly entrenched in official policy and usage.

THE practice of carrying weapons received a very wholesome rebuke at the hands of Judge Cowing, of the Court of General Sessions, some days since. A prisoner who had been convicted of firing a loaded pistol at an officer for being ordered away from a street corner, being brought up for sentence, the Judge said there was no reason or excuse why any man should go through the streets armed with a bowie-knife or a pistol, and nine-tenths of those who carry weapons do so for purposes of violence and plunder. The law, he added, is an ample protection for any peaceful, law-abiding citizen, and in this view of the case he sentenced the prisoner to the penitentiary for one year—the heaviest penalty allowed by the law. Judge Cowing is entitled to the thanks of the public for thus branding a dangerous and indefensible practice precisely as it deserves.

THE examination made by the State Insurance Superintendent into the condition of the life and fire insurance companies of this city has resulted in some very remarkable disclosures. In a number of cases defalcations of officials were discovered of which stockholders and the public have been kept in entire ignorance, and in one case a former president of a life company had for a period of ten years purloined the company's funds without being discovered or even suspected by the

directors or the committee which passed on his accounts every quarter. The books were manipulated by the president so that the balances would show correctly after the funds had been taken. At his death the Board of Directors gave his widow a bonus of \$1,000 and passed resolutions eulogizing his memory, and announcing that the bonus was given because of "his useful and meritorious services." It is estimated that his defalcations reached between \$40,000 and \$50,000. In view of such a disclosure as this, illustrating both official dishonesty and the incompetence, stupidity and negligence of those intrusted with the oversight of corporation finances, the public may well begin to doubt whether there is safety anywhere for the stockholder or the policy-holder in institutions of this character.

THE nomination of Mr. Alonzo B. Cornell as the Republican candidate for Governor of New York, by the State Convention at Saratoga last week, was not unexpected by close observers of the drift of opinion in the party. While Mr. Cornell's candidacy was opposed by some prominent and influential Republicans, he had the cordial support of most of the party managers, and, with the opposition dividing its strength, his nomination was a foregone conclusion. Mr. Cornell may not be the strongest candidate who could have been named, but his personal character is unassailable, and his public career has been in every way honorable, and that certainly will prove a positive advantage in the canvass. Whether he will be elected will depend very largely upon the action of the Democratic State Convention and the attitude of the City Democracy toward the ticket which may there be named.

A TELEGRAM from Yokohama, Japan, announces the arrival there, on the evening of September 2d, of the Swedish exploring steamer *Vega*, with Professor Nordenskjöld on board, having accomplished the famous Northeast Passage. The vessel sailed from Gothenburg on July 4th, 1878, and during the entire trip the officers and crew maintained the best of health and spirits. Contrary to the general experience of Arctic explorers, not a single case of scurvy occurred on board. Professor Nordenskjöld is highly elated over the success of his voyage. He thinks the voyage from Europe to Asia by Behring Strait is certain and safe, with very little more experience of navigation in the Northern seas. From Japan to the mouth of the Lena River there are no difficulties in the proper season for experienced sailors. The Lena River taps Central Siberia, and a large prospective trade can readily be developed.

THE establishment of a professorship of Chinese at Harvard College is an important experiment in the direction of an enlargement of our educational methods. The step is understood to have been taken at the suggestion of persons who, by residence or business association with China, regard it as a subject of importance that young men in commercial life may go to the East ready furnished with the language of the Celestials. It is probable that the eligibility of the course will be restricted so as to admit only such students as will study with a view to locating in China, where they may help to enlarge our commercial and business relations with that country; but it is not decided yet how the language will be taught, how ample will be the opportunity of taking up the study, or what books will be used. All that has been done so far is to decide that the language should be taught, and to secure a competent teacher—Professor Ko-Kum-Hua; but with this much done, the experiment is certain to be made, and the results can scarcely be otherwise than beneficial.

WHAT is known as the Gothenberg system of dealing with the traffic in intoxicating drinks appears to be attended, wherever fairly tried, with satisfactory results. This system is one (under the Swedish Licensing Act) in which the corporation of the town, who are responsible for its order, purity and well-being, give power to a company to become the guardian of the "drinking traffic," and they, and they alone, as the old licensed houses one by one lapse, have the right or power to renew the license or to increase the present number, and then only under their own management. Through the company, whatever be the money results of the houses, the town reaps the benefit. The company, as they see need, open fresh public-houses or buy up old and not-required ones, making the public necessity the supreme consideration in whatever they do. In Gothenberg the evils of drink have been materially diminished by the operation of this system, under which at certain times ale and beer alone are not sold—to be drunk on the premises—unless food be bought also. The system closes public-houses from five on Saturday evening until Monday morning, but gives to the garden cafés, which are in the hands of the more responsible and wealthier managers, the privilege of selling ale and porter on Saturday until eleven o'clock p.m., and on Sunday evening after five o'clock until eleven. A correspondent, who has investigated the subject in all its bearings, says:

"The results are visible to every observant man—no inebriated persons at the railway-stations, no drunkenness on board the boats and no drunken brawlers in the streets. The apprehensions and committals have fallen off most noticeably, and the consumption of stuff has decreased." Would it not be well for the "reformers," here and elsewhere, who are continually suggesting all sorts of impracticable schemes for arresting the evils of intemperance, to consider whether some such method of rational restraint as is here outlined may not be worth an honest trial before resorting to more sumptuary measures?

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE plurality for the Republican State ticket in California is about 22,000.

EFFORTS are making to establish a new coal combination, but they have been so far unsuccessful.

THE Minnesota Republicans have renominated Governor J. S. Pillsbury, who has served for two terms.

THE Prohibitionists of New York have nominated Professor John W. Mearns, of Oneida, for Governor.

EX-MINISTER WELSH, recently returned from England, has closed up his accounts with the Government.

ALLIED irregularities in the Department of Public Parks in this city are to be investigated by Mayor Cooper.

THE trial of the Chisholm indictments was commenced last week in the Court of De Kalb County, Mississippi.

TWO PERSONS were killed and nine badly scalped by an explosion on the steamer *Alaska*, on Lake Erie, September 5th.

THE total number of cases of yellow fever in Memphis up to September 7th was 1,005, and the total number of deaths 272.

THE will of the late Thomas Wilson, a retired merchant and capitalist of Baltimore, bequeathed over \$70,000 to charitable objects.

THE Congressional Committee on the Depression in Labor, just returned from the West, reports there is little depression in that section.

PRESIDENT HAYES and family left Washington September 8th for the West. He will visit the Cincinnati Exposition, and then go to Kansas.

A VIOLENT rain and wind storm visited Southern Louisiana, September 1st, destroying the crops and a large number of sugar-houses and other buildings.

SINCE January 1st, 17,292 German immigrants have landed at this port, which is an increase of 3,767 compared with the corresponding period of last year.

CHARLES DEMOND, late Treasurer of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society, has been arrested on a charge of embezzling \$6,000 belonging to that society.

GENERAL WILLIAM H. HAYS, of Springfield, Ky., is to be appointed United States District Judge for the district of Kentucky, vice Judge Ballard, deceased.

MR. JEFFERSON BORDEN, one of the founders of the manufacturing industries of Fall River, Mass., and an officer in many of the local banks and other corporations, has failed.

EIGHTY-TWO descendants of John Emery, who settled in Newbury in 1635, were present at a reunion September 3d, including representatives from seven States and Washington, D. C.

MRS. KATE SPRAGUE has made application to the Supreme Court of Rhode Island for the appointment of a trustee for her property in Kingston, R. I. Mrs. Sprague proposes to visit Europe.

AMONG recent deaths are those of Mr. Lawrence Waterbury, a well-known merchant of this city, who had accumulated a fortune of \$2,000,000, and Hon. John Kerr, of the Superior Court of North Carolina.

A PORTION of the Sprague estate was sold at auction in Providence, R. I., September 4th, to satisfy the claims of the Bank of Commerce of New York. It was bought in by the bank at a nominal price.

MRS. ALBERT PELL and Clare Sewell Read, a sub-commission of the Parliamentary and Royal Commission appointed to examine into the mischiefs and remedies of the agricultural depression in Great Britain, arrived at this port September 6th.

REV. W. H. H. MURRAY, of Boston, has published a card announcing his withdrawal from the ministry and denying the charges affecting his business integrity. He declares that he will pay in full the obligations against him. Involuntary proceedings in bankruptcy have been commenced against him.

AT a meeting of the Superintendents of the Poor at Saratoga, last week, a resolution was passed asking Representatives and Senators in Congress to make some provision, in the absence of a head-tax, whereby the burden of supporting pauper emigrants might be met by Federal support, with release of the State from the entire expense.

Foreign.

THE Marquis of Lorne formally opened the Toronto Exhibition, September 5th.

THE growth of toleration in Mexico is shown by the opening of a new Methodist church in Puebla.

THE Spanish Government proposed to send immediately 25,000 troops to maintain tranquillity in Cuba.

STEPS are being taken in Mexico to raise money for the payment of the American debt. The feeling in favor of the re-election of President Diaz is increasing.

THE anniversary of the surrender of Sedan was celebrated throughout Germany on September 2d. At Berlin the celebration was made the occasion of great rejoicing.

AT the request of the United States Government, two cadet engineers from Annapolis Naval Academy will be admitted to the Royal Naval College, at Greenwich, as students, next month.

OWING to heavy storms and floods in the River Neva, the canals in the centre of St. Petersburg have overflowed, and the faubourgs are under water. Iron roofs were blown from houses and churches in all directions.

THE deep-sea section of the French cable has been laid, and the line is complete from Brest to St. Pierre. The steamer *Faraday* is now returning to Europe to ship the section of the cable which is to connect St. Pierre with New York.

THE Greek and Turkish Commissioners have not come to term. Should the Greek Government not share the Porte's views, it is believed that the two Governments will agree to refer the question to a joint mediation of the Powers.

THE police of Eastern Roumelia believe they have discovered a widespread conspiracy extending throughout Tartar-Bazardjik, Kazanlik, Esk-Sagri and Haskol. They have discovered the existence of six revolutionary committees. Pamphlets have been found summoning the people to arms. A speedy uprising of Mohammedans is expected. Aleko Pasha proposes to place twelve battalions of militia on a war footing.

INFORMATION comes by way of Simla, an important post in British India, that on September 3d twelve Afghan regiments revolted and attacked the Ameer's arsenal at Cabul. Being joined by the populace, they assaulted the British Embassy and finally set it on fire. Major Cavagnari, the Envoy, and his staff were killed after a heroic struggle. The Ameer was at the mercy of the insurgents. British forces have been ordered to advance on Cabul and Candahar.

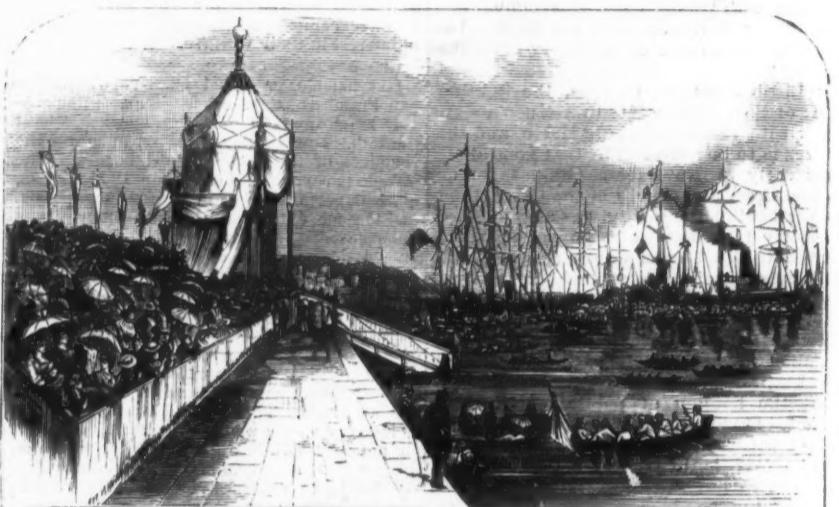
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—See PAGE 39.



ENGLISH CHANNEL.—THE PROPOSED NEW EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.



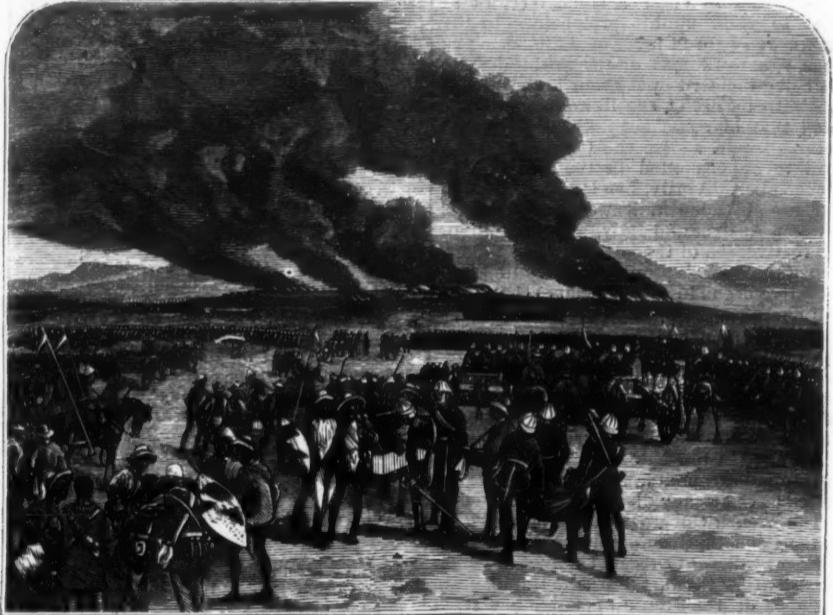
GERMANY.—THE ELECTRIC RAILWAY AT THE FINE ART EXHIBITION, BERLIN.



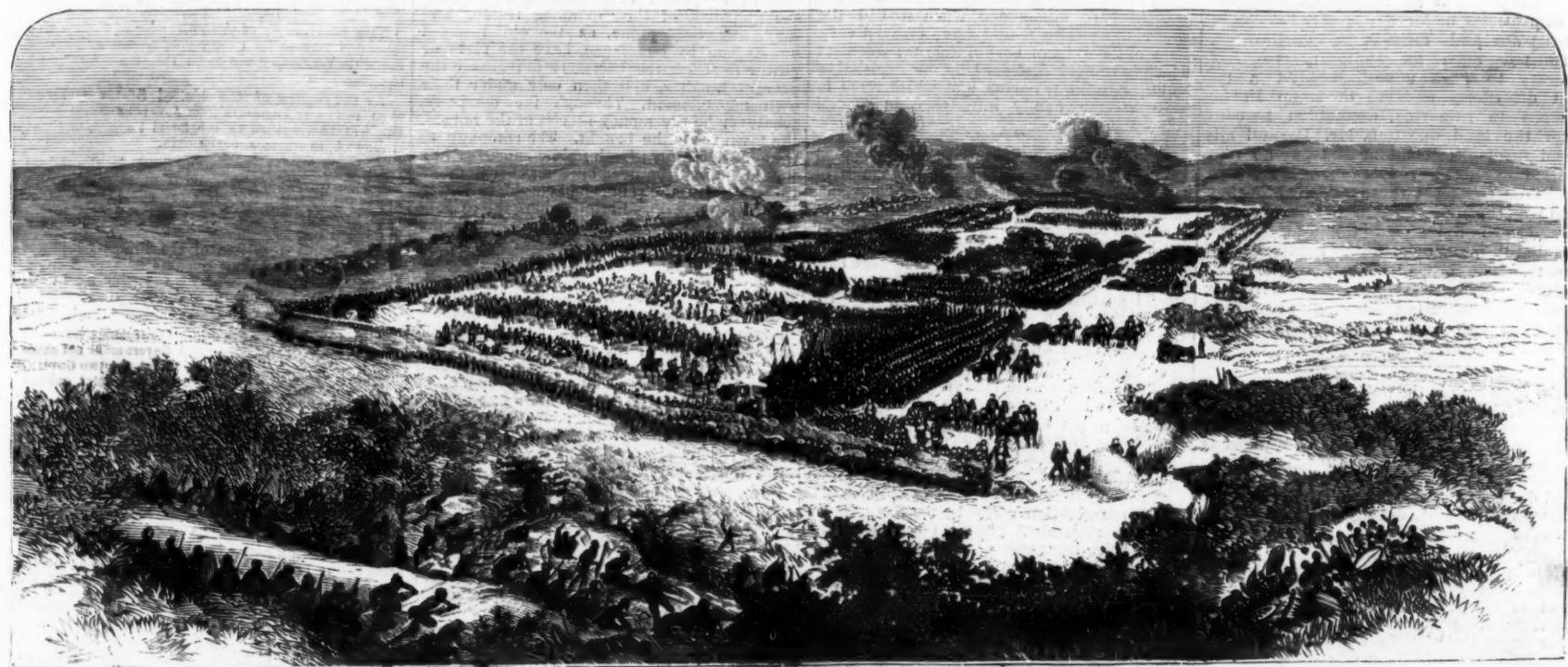
ITALY.—VISIT OF THE KING AND QUEEN TO GENOA—THE DEBARCATION.



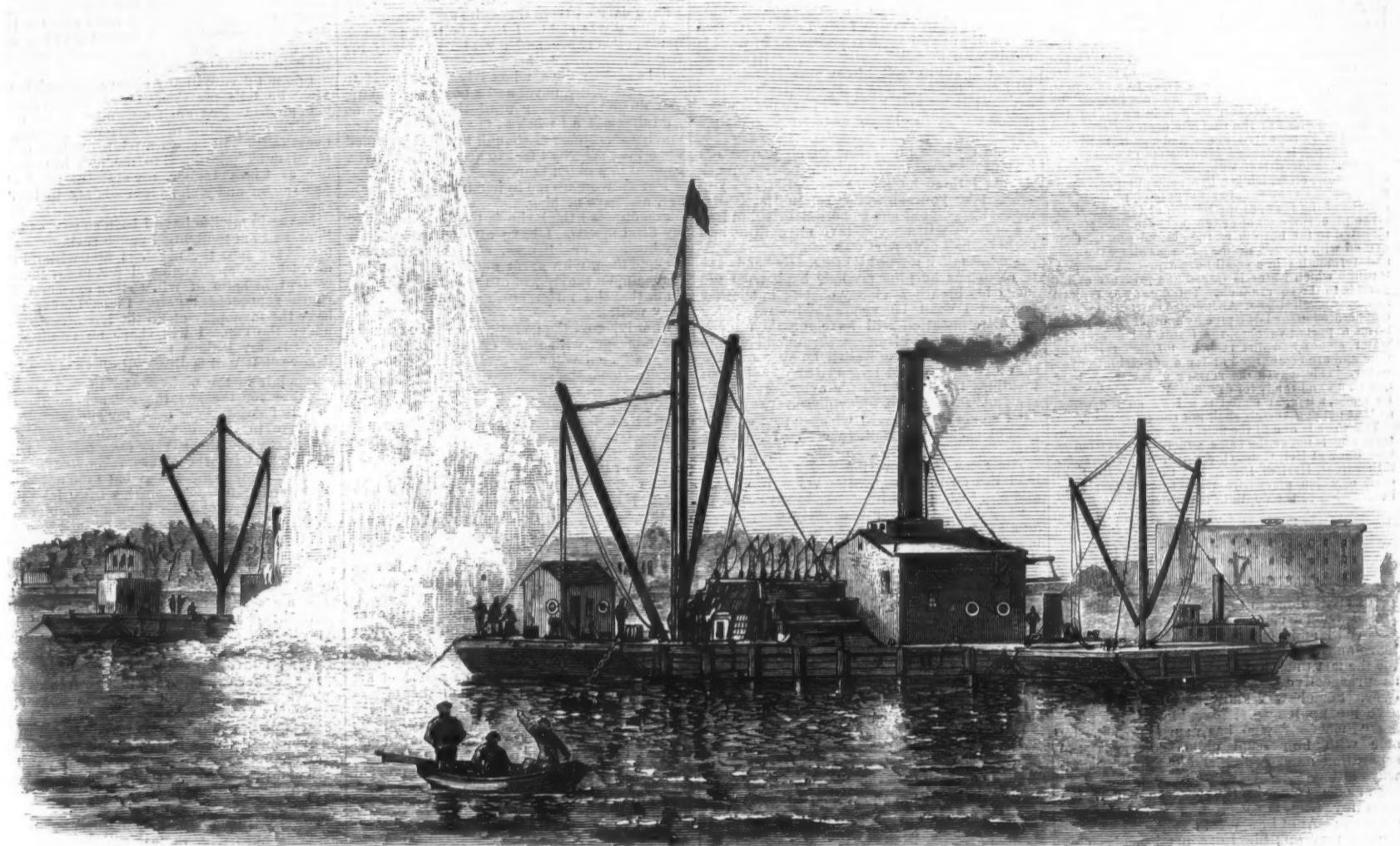
SOUTH AFRICA.—RETURN OF ZULU AMBASSADORS TO LORD CHELMSFORD.



SOUTH AFRICA.—BURNING OF ULUNDI AFTER THE VICTORY OF JULY 4TH.



SOUTH AFRICA.—THE ZULU WAR—LORD CHELMSFORD'S LAST VICTORY, ULUNDI, JULY 4TH.



NEW YORK.—REMOVAL OF OBSTRUCTIONS IN THE HARBOR BY THE GENERAL GOVERNMENT—THE STEAM-DRILLING SCOW AT WORK ON DIAMOND REEF, OPPOSITE WHITEHALL.

EXCAVATIONS IN NEW YORK HARBOR.

WHILE negligent officials are busily engaged in filling up the lower bay with ashes and garbage, the United States Government is as busy excavating and blasting away the rock which forms obstructions to navigation. A dangerous plateau of rock known as Diamond Reef lies midway between the Battery and Governor's Island. For the

past twenty-five years, off and on, attempts have been made to remove this reef, but none has met with the success of that now going on under the immediate direction of General Roy Stone, and the general supervision of General John Newton.

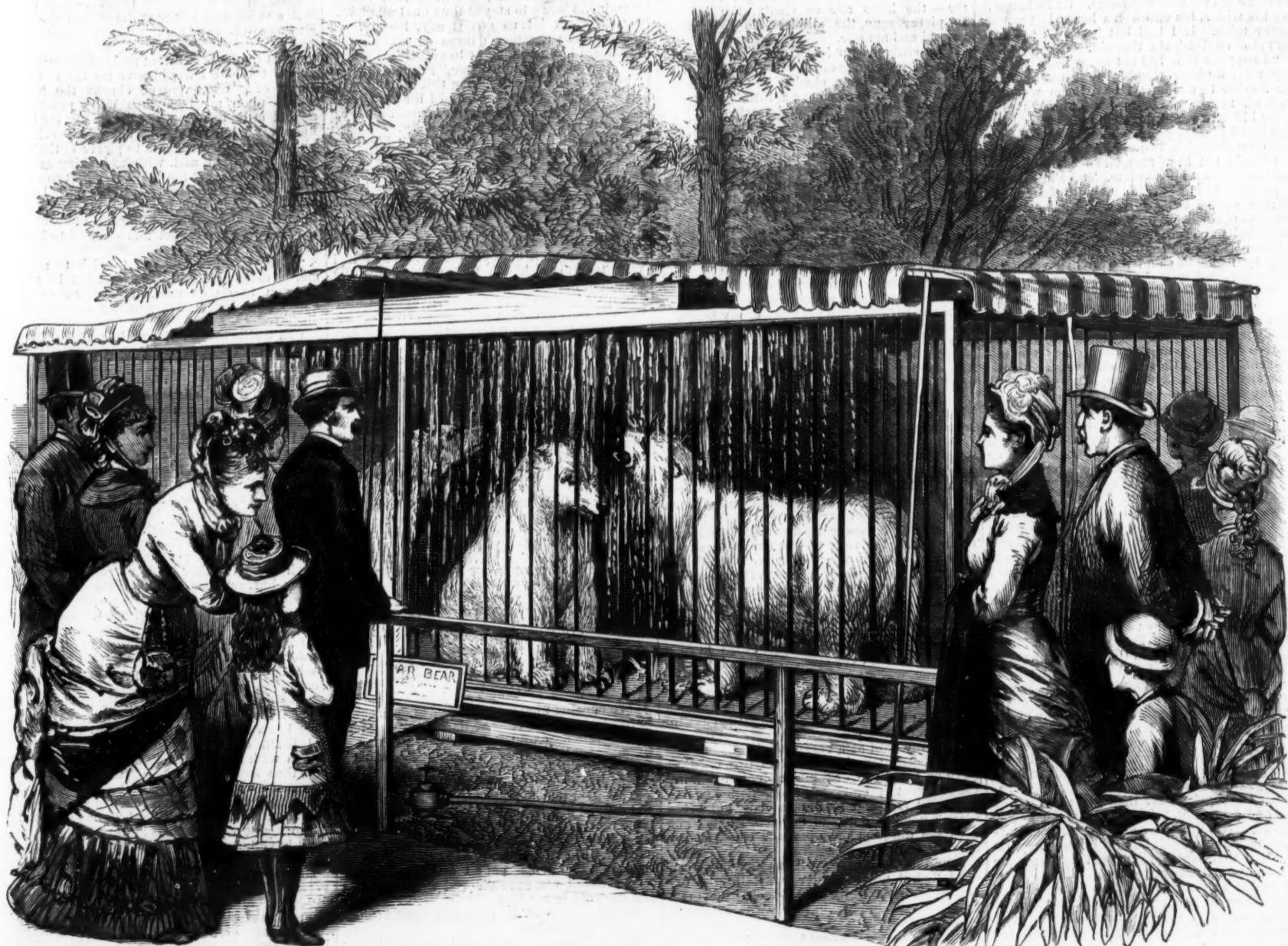
The reef was originally a plateau about two acres in extent, and rose to within fifteen feet of the surface of the water, while all around it the depth was forty feet and over. As it lay directly in the chan-

nel, frequent wrecks resulted from carelessness or ignorance in piloting, or vessels being blown on the reef, for the majority of large vessels drew over fifteen feet of water. About two years ago operations were begun to reduce the level of the rock, and at present the extent of the reef has been reduced to one acre, and the depth increased to over twenty feet.

The work is done by a steam-drilling scow. The

conditions were very severe, as there were large masses of rock to be blasted, huge boulders too large to be lifted but not large enough for drilling, very swift and strong currents of water, and great crowds of larger or smaller steam and sailing vessels; but all these obstacles have been overcome by science and ingenuity, and the gratifying result of a deepened channel is nearly reached.

The drilling scow is placed directly over the rock



NEW YORK CITY.—AWAITING THE SNOW AND ICE OF WINTER—HOW THE POLAR BEARS IN CENTRAL PARK PASS THE SUMMER MONTHS.—SEE PAGE 39.

to be drilled. This scow is also a machine-shop and a fortification against collisions, which at first were frequent, but now are rare. In the centre of this scow is a large well thirty-two feet in diameter, through which a large iron dome descends to the bottom and rests on the rock to be drilled. The drilling tubes, irons and ropes pass through this dome and are operated from the scow. When the holes are drilled, cartridges filled with dynamite are inserted, and the scow moved away to a safe position. Then the cartridges are discharged by electricity. The broken rock falls away off the ledges and sides of the reef into deep water. This operation is repeated again and again until the proper depth is reached over the entire extent.

A few hundred feet from the drilling scow is another scow, on which is a hydraulic pump, which is used for the very peculiar purpose of washing the surface of the rock, at the bottom of the water. A large pipe, some eight or ten inches in diameter, is directed to the bottom at the desired point. Connected with this is a hose which runs along the pipe and terminates in a small nozzle just at the end, through which water is forced at a pressure of 150 pounds to the square inch. This digs away the dirt and loose small stones. An induced current of water is generated in the large pipe by another hose, which forms a partial vacuum, the result being that the water, stones and dirt rush up through this large pipe and are discharged at the other end into deep water. This leaves the surface of the rock bare and clean and ready for drilling. When a blast is to be made, a danger signal is hoisted on the scow, so that passing vessels shall not come too near.

The work is one of the most important of the century, and is under the same general supervision as that done at Hell Gate, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, Harlem River, and Coenties Reel, at each of which places from eight to ten feet have been added to the depth of the water.

LOVE IS ENOUGH.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED).

SITTING alone in the darkness, waiting for Marion's return, I feel very sorry for Will, and very anxious to see him once more and ask his forgiveness before we part for the last time, for, of course, we must now, as prospective husband and wife, part for ever. Somehow I know he will be sorry to give me up, his "girl love," his "little pet," his "Princess," who has grown up side by side with him from childhood. Still the separation must come—and partings are always bitter.

Marion's voice in the passage rouses me from my long reverie. She is speaking to some one—Aunt Dan, most likely.

"We may go; Sir Harcourt has given us permission, and we will take first train in the morning."

"Marion," I say, eagerly, with my head half buried in the cushions of the sofa, "why cannot we go to Ashfield? I should like it so much better. I feel as though I cannot give up my home, my own dear home. Oh, it is too hard!"

I had never cared for Ashfield very much before; I had always looked upon it as a quiet dreary little place, rather pleasant in the summer, but quite unfitted for the dignity of a settled residence. Now to think of it as mine no more is breaking my heart. Will's home it is—his wife's, his children's home, but never mine. If I had but loved Will—but I do not even finish the thought.

"I suppose Will has not come back yet?" I say, after a pause, thankful that it is too dark for Marion to see how I have been weeping. "Speak to me, darling; for I think this is some hideous dream tormenting me. If I had but loved him," I go on, too much absorbed in my own thoughts to notice Marion's silence, "it would not have seemed so bad; but now my humiliation is complete. To be in his debt is horrible to me—it kills me with shame. Oh, Marion, shall I ever get over it? Let us go away at once—I never want to see him again; and I shall never cease to hate him all my life."

There is silence for some moments, broken only by my sobs; and then Will's voice answers me, and Will's arms lift me from the floor.

"Ida, my darling, the home at Ashfield is your own for ever—nay, do not shrink from me—yours with your freedom; for you are quite free from your promise to me from this moment. While I thought you loved me I could bear anything; now that hope has gone. Still, you must not hate me, poor girl! Heaven knows I would have spared you this suffering had I given my life to do it! But it was not to be. Still I will not be hated for having loved you so long and dearly. If I ever seemed harsh or unkind to you, it was because I dreaded a rival in your work. Forgive me—I was wrong. It is all over now. Put your hands in mine, and let us part good friends at least."

"If you knew I had no money, it was your duty to have told me so," I reply coldly, and then continue in my usual impulsive, illogical way, "but the last thing a woman can expect from a man is fair and honorable treatment. Whatever income I may possess I shall be very thankful for, but I will receive no gift from you, so do not try to deceive me a second time. I am free, you know—with a bitter smile, which of course in the darkness he does not perceive—"and I can study and work; and if I am indeed penniless, my work will earn me a living."

"Whatever I possess is yours, Ida, by every law of right or honor under the sun," Will answers, firmly. "You were our uncle's pet and darling—the little Princess of his happy old age; you were all the world to him, young as you were when he died. I remember so much better than you; and it was you, and you only, he hoped to make happy with his wealth. When persuaded by Sir Harcourt to leave us joint-heirs, it was only on condition that I pledged myself to gain your love and your hand in marriage. The will was informal, I know, and the law acknowledges me alone as his heir. But what is that to me? No informality on mere technical grounds can put aside the wishes of the dead or release me from my promise."

"But if I do not love you?"

"It cannot make the slightest difference to me—I shall always hold the half of my income in trust for you; and, now that we all know about it, I shall at once have a deed executed that will put you in legal possession of what is really your own."

"I will not have it," I cry passionately. "I will tear the deed into a thousand pieces if it ever comes into my hands; I have not sunk so low in my own sight yet as to let you beggar yourself for me."

"Ida, my love, my darling, surely you are not leaving me on account of this wretched money? After all these long, long years, Ida, can you really take yourself away from me without a regret? Speak but one word, darling—but half a word—to tell me you love me a little, and nothing shall ever part us again."

He has taken me in his arms. His hands are trembling as he puts my hair back from my face; his breath is on my cheek; in another moment I shall be vanquished—my pride and determination will have forsaken me—and, held thus to his heart, shrouded and surrounded by his love, I shall ignobly declare that love is enough!—oh, more than enough!—to fill my heart and life for evermore; but I remember in time, and tear myself away.

"I do not love you," I whisper; "so let us part at once and end this wrong at least for ever."

His arms fall from me, and a weight like lead lies on my heart. His voice is steady and quiet when next he speaks to say good-by.

"Good-by," I answer, brusquely, conquering an almost irresistible impulse to cast myself at his feet and beg his forgiveness; "I don't suppose we shall ever see much of each other again—our paths in life will be different."

"Good by, my princess!"

Covering my face with my hands I sink down on to the couch as he leaves the room, and wonder what my future will be. The past is gone with Will. My heart beats wildly, and its throbbing has a new unrestful pain. The old pet name again—"My Princess"—how sweet it sounded! No, indeed, no longer his princess—by my own will and deed, far, oh, far removed from his life and love!

CHAPTER III.

MARION and I have been a month at Middleton; and very happy we have been, despite the trouble we share mutually. We have worked very hard, too—at least I know I have, and I think Marion would say as much for herself.

I have sketched from nature morn, noon and night; and our little sitting room is hung all over with trophies of my skill.

I am resting just now on my laurels. We are living at a charming farmhouse, a mile away from the little country-town, in the prettiest village that one could imagine. Mrs. Page, the owner of the farm, was a servant of Aunt Dan's many years ago, and is Marion's foster-mother.

I am in love with everything I see about me—the lanes are so shady, the cottages so picturesque, the children so delightfully ragged and artistic.

Our sitting-room looks out over a narrow strip of garden-ground on to a long wide meadow that slants, shaded by fine oaks and beeches, to a wood where a little brook runs brawling and tumbling and tossing over the lichen-covered stones all day long. Marion declares that the sprite who dwells by its flowery margin must have a touch of the Bacchante in its nature, to account for the wild mirth and reckless jollity of the shining rivulet. The wood itself seems literally crowded with ferns and flowers and singing-birds, and there is such color and freshness over everything. The trees sparkle and quiver in the June sunlight, and the fleecy white clouds sail over the azure sky like troops of snow doves. The apple blossoms cover up the orchard-paths, and the stocks and pinks and homely flowers in the garden are the very joy of my heart.

Every evening Marion and I throw open our window and listen to the nightingales singing in the wood beyond; and, waking in the early morning, we hear the voice of the cuckoo close above our window.

One thing I notice—that, since I began to sketch from nature, I find myself loving and appreciating the country as I never did before.

Although Marion and I never speak of Will, he is rarely absent from my thoughts. It seems sometimes as though everything I looked upon reminded me of him—and it is never an easy thing to put an old friendship out of one's head; still it is not particularly satisfactory to find all one's leisure moments determinedly occupied by the very person one wishes most to forget. And in the rest I gave myself after a month's hard work I thought often of Will than anything else, my art not excepted.

Aunt Dan writes us that Will has found Clara Linder, but she is not in want or poverty as he imagined; she is rich and clever, and, my aunt adds, beautiful beyond any one she has ever seen. She has inherited a fortune, while I have lost one. Such is the strangeness of life. My aunt fills a long letter with this news and her comments upon it—a letter that troubled me greatly, that breaks up my morning, and makes me resolve henceforth to drop my aunt as a correspondent.

For days after the advent of this epistle I have no heart to work, and cannot regain my usual sweet serenity. Marion, with her accustomed tact and kindness, does not bring Clara's name into any of our long chats; nor does she question me upon the cause of my debility and idleness.

Now that the novelty of painting has worn off, I find it much harder work than I expected, and dreadfully unprofitable. Of course, I am only a student, but I doubt sometimes whether I shall ever reach a higher grade. I do not possess Marion's steady, persistent habits; my education and training have been

against me. I take things up in a fever, and drop them after a time from sheer inability to keep my mind concentrated upon them until I have carried them through successfully.

Marion was right. I have neither patience nor perseverance, and my ability counts for nothing.

I have lazy days, when I betake myself to the wood, with a novel and a box of chocolate, and do not reappear until the dinner-hour. And then again I work at my painting with as much earnestness as though my life depended upon the necessity I feel to accomplish a given amount in a given time.

Marion watches me in her usual quiet manner, and says nothing.

Sometimes I think she is too busy to notice my fitful moods. I have always excuses for my business or idleness, and she invariably accepts them with great good faith; yet her silence upon the subject of the letter makes me think that she understands my state of mind very well.

I am lying on the mossy grass in the orchard one morning, with some crewel-work beside me and an old volume of tales, when Marion calls me from the garden.

I have been reading a very tragic story of a man and woman who loved each other fully, perfectly, nobly, but who were never permitted to enjoy their love on earth. He languished till death released him, in the dungeons of the Church of Rome; she dragged on the weary years of a long life in the stone cell of a convent. No fault on either side condemned them to this separation, this misery. They were victims to the avarice and ambition of those who should have best loved and protected them. I feel quite sorry for the sad, broken lives, whose mournful story has touched my heart.

A shower of snowy, rosy blossoms fall over me; and I sigh as I shake them off and answer Marion's call.

In my present mood I can never hope to do anything great or good in this world—I am not fitted for it, I have strength neither of will nor of action. Had I chosen, I might have made one person supremely and quietly happy; but I disdained such an ordinary achievement, and even that is denied me now. The sunlight sheds its warm bright rays upon the tangled labyrinth of trees and shrubs that make this farm-garden so delightful to my artist eyes. Down in the meadow the cows are lowing, standing in the shady pool; and the perfume of the lilies under Marion's window reaches me on every little passing breeze, with the endless "coo, coo" of the doves in the cot behind me.

Marion, attracted by my voice, comes through the garden-gate and up the mossy path. She has a letter in her hand, and I look up at her with animation.

"News from town, Marion?" I ask.

"Not exactly; but something I think you will like equally well. Lady Tressilian wants us to go to a dance she is giving at Green Court. I don't know who told her we were here. She has seen Sir Harcourt, I should imagine. We are to stay at the Court all night."

"Oh, don't let us go!" I say, hastily. "I dislike these Summer dances so much—and, besides, I have nothing fit to go in!"

"As you please, of course," replies Marion; "but Miss Harcourt tells me this morning that Miss Linder is to be there, and I for one should like to see the heroine of your romantic story."

"And Will?" I ask, questioningly.

"Oh, Will remains in town with Sir Harcourt; besides, he hates balls and parties of every description, as you very well know."

"Oh, Marion!" I cry, with something like a gasp, "we must go and see her! I hate the idea of it, but I must do it."

"Very well, dear; then I will go in and write to Lady Tressilian that we will come."

I throw myself back on the grass and feel very tearful, although I scarcely know the reason of my sudden grief. The Summer flies and little spiders crawl up and over and under my thin muslin dress; and one or two inquisitive fowls peck and cluck perilously near me. I throw out my arms once to ward off an attack on my person, and, alarmed and indignant, they scamper off as fast as possible to the other end of the orchard, only to return five minutes later.

Suddenly Marion's rich, clear voice drowns all the fainter music of birds or doves. She is singing her favorite song and accompanying herself on the piano.

The music is too much for me. I bury my head in the pages of the book I have been reading, and let myself be carried away by the strong emotions aroused by the song; and it is like a cry from my own heart when Marion passionately sings:

"How could I tell I should love thee to-day
Whom that day I held not dear?
How could I know I should love thee away,
When I did not love thee near?"

For I do love Will now with all my heart.

CHAPTER IV.

IT is the night of Lady Tressilian's *fête*. We are dancing under a large marquee erected in front of the house. The dancers' flying feet keep time to the exquisite strains of the Guards' band; and I am the acknowledged belle of the ball.

I rather enjoy the novelty of my position, and am glad that I followed Marion's advice, and draped myself in the simple classical costume that every one is pleased to admire so much. I wear a crown of white lilies on my hair, and I have lilies on my breast and round my throat and arms—not a touch of color anywhere about me, save the red in my cheeks and the gold in my hair.

The fragrance of the lilies acts upon me like a subtle intoxication.

Will is here, and has danced twice with me; Clara Linder has not yet arrived. I question

Will about her after a time, and he tells me that she promised him to come to-night—that she is really very pretty, but shy to nervousness. I imagine that Will's voice takes a tender tone unconsciously in speaking of her, and the demon of jealousy overpowers me with his cold gigantic shadow.

I do not give Will any chance to speak to me after he tells me this. Clara Linder, sweet, shy, modest—just such a woman as he most admires—is continually before me. And when, eventually, Will brings a white-clothed, calm-faced, dark-haired girl to me, and introduces her as Clara Linder, my state of mind—its pain, anger and jealous love—is not to be described.

Sometimes I think she is too busy to notice my fitful moods. I have always excuses for my business or idleness, and she invariably accepts them with great good faith; yet her silence upon the subject of the letter makes me think that she understands my state of mind very well.

I am lying on the mossy grass in the orchard one morning, with some crewel-work beside me and an old volume of tales, when Marion calls me from the garden.

It is late in the night that Will and I dance together for the last time. Then he folds a shawl of dainty lace over my shoulders, and asks me to walk out with him through the garden, to see the silvery lake asleep in the moonlight, with the alders fringing its quiet banks. He tells me, too—what I did not know before—that it was upon this little lake that Geoffrey Harcourt, the youngest member of the family, asked my mother to be his wife; and that it was at Lady Tressilian's house that they spent their honeymoon after their marriage. I think he tells me this to steady me, to make me calm and thoughtful, before he asks me again, in more deeply passionate tones than I have ever heard from his lips before, to take back my hasty words of a month ago, and give him another chance of winning me for his love, his wife.

But neither calmness nor thoughtfulness can enter a heart torn with jealous feelings and conflicting emotions; and so, from very wantonness, loving him as truly and desperately as ever maiden loved, I trifle with his earnestness, coquette with his passion, and put his love and prayer away from me—how, I know not—it is a mystery to me ever afterwards. But so it is.

The sky is tenderly, deeply blue above our heads; the moon in full dreamy splendor shines down on to the lake, the ferns, the flowers, the statues, until one could imagine the whole an enchanted scene from the "Arabian Nights," and expect to see fays and sprites peeping at one from every drooping shrub or tree.

We are in the fragrant, grassy rose-garden, and I am flitting from flower to flower, silently admiring and caressing each one in turn. The silence, however, becomes too oppressive, too eloquent, too charming. It seems to bring us too near to each other, to unveil our mutual thoughts, to express our feelings without a sound. It is a positive relief to me when Will's voice breaks the stillness, and the faint strains of the band reach us—tenderest dream-music.

What madness is it that makes me scorn and refuse the love I would give my life to be assured of? What power checks the happy words upon my lips when Will's passionate appeal stirs the very depths of my soul? I know not; but I stand by his side, carelessly plucking my flower-chain to pieces in the soft, sweet moonlight, and, without looking at him, I tell him to forget me—that it is best so—that

"Oh, Marion!" I cry, with something like a gasp, "we must go and see her! I hate the idea of it, but I must do it."

"Very well, dear; then I will go in and write to Lady Tressilian that we will come."

"It is very good of you to wish to marry me," I conclude; "but it would not be right for you to do so now. I could never feel happy to be indebted to you for everything I possessed."

Will walks up and down the path excitedly while I have been talking, and, as the last words leave my lips, he lays his hand upon my shoulder.

"Ida, you jest with me. As if I have not suffered enough without this! Have you nothing more to say to me, Ida? Is that all?"

"I think so," I reply, with affected simplicity. "I shall never alter my mind on that point; of course, if I loved you very much, it would make all the difference."

"Yes, I suppose so. And that can never be, Ida?"

"Never," I answer faintly; and I turn away from him in the direction of the ballroom.

We walk on in a profound silence, until we reach the path that leads us straight to the lawn; but, as we pass under the shade of a spreading ash, my companion stoops over me suddenly and kisses me, with one long, close kiss, on my lips. I break away from him, outward

"Why, you are quite pale," replies the good-natured fellow. "I'll go and get you some wine, and you'll soon feel all right."

But the moment he is gone I join Marion in one of the ante-rooms, and complain of a sudden weariness and illness; and even while I am talking to her a dimness comes over my eyes, and I sink down upon a lounge, and faint away for the first time in my life.

CHAPTER V. AND LAST.

I DO not tell Marion anything about my interview with Will, and we go back to Middleton the next day and take up the thread of our usual daily life. Somehow the knowledge of Will's love is a great comfort to me. I live over again many times in the day the few short moments I passed with him, and the memory of his face and his sweet, tender words remains with me continually. I take up my work again steadily and bravely, but I am not happy; and gradually I fall ill, and Marion nurses me. Still I do not give up my art. I cling to it with greater love than ever, and Marion encourages me to try my hand at a picture, and prophesies a brilliant success for me; but I shake my head doubtfully. Of what use is it to sketch the cattle standing or lying in the meadow grass, to coax the children to pose for me with their birds' nests or wild-flowers, or to study the shades and tints in the sweet, still wood, while all my heart is away with Will, and all my desire "has gone out unto him"?

So I think and feel as the days slip on, each one leaving me more wretched than the last; and so, one evening, in a passion of grief and tears, I tell Marion.

"I always knew it, darling," she answers, gently; "and now be the brave noble girl I always believed you, and write to Will to-day."

"No, I cannot, Marion—I cannot write to him."

So much of my pride yet remaining, Marion suggests nothing more; and in silence and wretchedness that evening closes.

The next morning Marion stands, grave and anxious, with my breakfast-tray in her hand, by the side of my bed. I am too unwell this morning to get up to breakfast.

"Ida, do you know Will sails for India next week? Is this miserable pride to make you both wretched for life? You have behaved altogether wrongly and wickedly to Will; and, unless you gain his forgiveness and love now, you will regret it all your life."

"If he would but come to me!" I moan, in reply.

"Go to him," is Marion's answer. "It is not right he should come to you."

"Let me go alone, then!" I cry, with sudden determination. "Let me go quite by myself, and do not tell them I am coming."

And so, while the impulse is on me, I take the train to London, and arrive at Kensington early in the afternoon. My uncle is much better, and is very pleased to see me. Aunt Dan gives me a hearty welcome, and Jim sheds a few complimentary tears on my behalf. It is very pleasant to be at home again, and my bodily weakness makes me quite emotional. I tell my uncle that I have come up to do some shopping; and, in questioning Aunt Dan about Will, I find that he is going to India on business of Sir Harcourt's, and that he goes tomorrow instead of next week. She is so busy preparing for his departure that she is obliged to leave me every few moments; and the dear old soul is so much upset that she has forgotten that I have come up to town alone, and has never once inquired after Marion.

I am sitting in my own room again, where, three months ago, I smoked Will's cigarette, when the door opens sharply, and some one starts back upon seeing me.

Then Will comes into the room, almost reluctantly, and we shake hands as strangers. I look up shyly through my lashes. Is that Will's face, pale and haggard, as though he had known many sleepless nights, with lines and shadows about the mouth and under the kindly eyes? It is not like Will at all.

"I did not expect to find you here," he says, quietly. "Of course you have heard of my sudden journey? I am very busy, as you may imagine, and therefore I know you will excuse me."

He positively turns to leave the room; and even at this last moment my pride and despair struggle for the mastery. But love triumphs.

"Will," I murmur, stretching both my hands to him in the old impulsive way he used to love so in the old days, "why will you go away? I am sorry—I did not mean—"

But the next moment I am caught to Will's heart, and am weeping away my grief and misery upon his breast.

The next evening I return to Middleton, and Will accompanies me. He will not go to India, I need scarcely say. My uncle has been informed of our engagement, and is in a high state of gratification about it. Aunt Dan has pleaded for a month at least to conclude the preparations for the wedding, and I have begged that, until we are married, I may remain with Marion at Middleton. The day before we return to town, Marion and I sit together for our last chat in the dear old-fashioned parlor we both love so well. The day's heat and noise are over, and the hazy, fragrant twilight is fast deepening into night. Marion is talking to me of my happiness in becoming Will's wife; she is warning me against my besetting sins of pride and self-will, and declares she is glad I have gained my happiness through sorrow and pain.

She takes my hands and kisses me, and her eyes are wet with tears.

"Ida," she says, after a pause, "I should like you to promise me something to-night. I have a fancy that on this night you would think a promise sacred."

I turn gladly towards her, and she draws

me down to her side on my knees, while her caressing hand plays with my hair.

"You will make him happy, Ida, very happy, will you not?"

"I will try, Marion," I answer, humbly. And then we kiss each other, and remain quite still until Will's voice sounds in the porch inquiring for me.

I rise hastily and stand in the light of the window; and Will comes into the room, and, not seeing Marion in her shady corner, puts his arms about me, and, with low murmuring words of happy love, leads me into the still and peaceful Summer night.

KEEPING THE POLAR BEARS COOL DURING THE SUMMER.

THE beautiful Polar bears in Central Park have been spared much suffering during the Summer by an ingenious device, which gives them a slight experience of their natural temperature. Above the cage a large water-tank has been put up. This is supplied with water from the Croton mains by a hose. Through holes pierced in the bottom the water pours upon the bears in the manner of a shower-bath, but in much greater quantity. The bears pass the most of the time beneath this tank, and appear to enjoy the steady stream. They take their food as soon as passed through the bars to the shower and there devout it. As long as the water is pouring upon them they remain docile and happy. It is necessary, in order to preserve their health, to keep them cool with water from Winter to Winter. As soon as frost sets in the tank will be removed, and the bears left to enjoy a more congenial temperature than the present.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Proposed New Eddystone Light-house.

The projected new Eddystone Lighthouse, which is to supersede the one that was erected by Smeaton towards the end of the last century, is shown in our illustration as it will appear when completed, standing about 127 feet from the existing tower. The new tower, which is to be constructed entirely of granite, will consist of a cylindrical base, 44 feet in diameter and 22 feet high, having its upper surface 2½ feet above high water of Spring tides. From this base will spring the shaft of the tower, 35 feet 6 inches in diameter at the commencement, and 18 feet 6 inches in diameter under the cornice, the top of which will be 138 feet above the rock. On the cylindrical base there will thus be formed a level margin 4 feet 3 inches wide for a landing-platform. The tower is to be a concave elliptic frustum, the generating curve of which has a semi-transverse axis of 178 feet, and a semi-conjugate axis of 37 feet. The tower is to be solid, with the exception of a water-tank, to the level of 25½ feet above high-water Spring tides. At this level the walls will be 8 feet 6 inches thick, diminishing to 2 feet 3 inches at the top. The tower will contain nine apartments, 10 feet in height, in addition to the lantern, the seven uppermost being 14 feet in diameter. The whole of the work is to be dovetailed and cemented, both horizontally and vertically. On the completion of the new lighthouse it is intended to take down the present lighthouse to the level of the top of the solid base, 29 feet above high water of Spring tides. This portion of the present structure is shown remaining in our illustration of the proposed new lighthouse as it will appear when the work is finished. It has been determined that the elevation of the focal plane of the light shall be 130 feet above high water, by which the range of the light will be increased from 14 to about 17½ nautical miles, so as just to overlap the range of the new electric lights at the Lizard.

An Electric Railway at Berlin.

At the Berlin Exhibition there is an electric railway constructed by Siemens and Halski. The power is supplied by a stationary dynamo-electric machine (worked by a steam-engine) to a similar machine on a locomotive, making use of the track to conduct the electricity. The conductor can make or break the connection and thus control the motor. The track is circular and about six hundred feet long. There are three wagons attached to the locomotive, affording accommodation for twenty passengers. Dr. Siemens does not pretend that there is any economy in the contrivance, and it is only exhibited as a toy. When we consider that a steam-engine has to get up electricity on the stationary dynamo-electric machine to be conveyed at great loss to a second machine, we can see that it would be much more economical to apply the steam directly to the locomotive.

Incidents of the Zulu War.

Lord Chelmsford left the camp on the White Umvolois at noon, July 3d, and advanced with General Newdegate's division and General Wood's flying column. Next morning, after crossing the river, he was attacked by a Zulu force variously estimated at from 12,000 to 20,000. The enemy appeared simultaneously on all sides, and when the British troops formed in hollow square on a plain near Ulundi, they commenced a desperate attack, advancing regularly with astonishing pluck and determination for about an hour. At last, however, broken by the heavy, well-directed fire of the artillery, they wavered, and then the square opened and the cavalry dashing out, charged them, and a complete rout ensued.

Our engraving represents the square opening to allow the egress of the cavalry. The Zulu loss was estimated at 800, while the British was but ten killed (including Captain Edgell, Seventeenth Lancers) and forty-two wounded, amongst whom were Colonel Lowe and Major Bond. As soon as the battle was over Lord Chelmsford advanced to Ulundi and burnt every kraal within a circle of three miles. The Zulu messengers, as they came into the camp the second time, escorted by some of the Lancers, with the two tufts of ivory carried by the men behind, are shown in one of our sketches. One of them held a cleft stick, in which was stuck the letter written by an unknown European to Cetewayo, addressed "To Lord Chelmsford, Esq." It was inclosed in an old English official envelope, which had been that of a letter sent to the Zulu King by Colonel North Creswick, Military Secretary, from Fort Newdegate, some time before. The British Commander-in-Chief dismissed the Zulu messengers, desiring them to tell Cetewayo that if by noon on July 3d the stipulations had not been complied with the advance would recommence. The 3d came and went, yet no signs of submission, so on the 4th the battle was fought.

Visit of the King of Italy to Genoa.

The first visit of the King of Italy to Genoa after his accession to the throne was marked by all the enthusiasm that has greeted his appearance since Passanti attempted his life. He was accompanied by his Queen, who, like the Princess of Wales, attracts all classes by her unassuming manners and happy disposition. The King is suffering much with consumption, but, despite the entreaties of his physicians, insists in performing his numerous public and social duties without interruption. The popularity of the royal couple increases steadily.

SIGNIFICANT STRAWS.

THE Montana wool-clip will exceed 1,200,000 pounds.

Two hundred and sixty-five vessels are en route from Europe to load with grain at Baltimore.

THE rice crop of South Carolina for the year is estimated at 44,000 barrels, and that of Georgia at 26,000.

IRON bridge building is fast becoming one of the most active and important of Philadelphia's industries.

MACHINERY has been put up at Fernandina, Fla., to experiment in making paper from Palmetto fibre.

IRON ore yielding 47 per cent of iron has been discovered on Smith's Creek, about two miles from Waynesburg, Green County, Pa.

THE increase of flouring mills in the four States of Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota from 1860 to 1878 was from 1,138 to 3,000.

RECENT reports from Shanghai show a great diminution in British transactions, while American commerce was almost doubled in the past year.

EIGHT hundred more coastwise vessels have arrived at Boston during the seven months of the present year than during the corresponding time of last year.

HON. MARTIN L. TOWNSEND, of Troy, who has just returned from an extended tour in the West, says that there never was a country so flourishing as the West is to-day.

OYSTERMEN of Long Island are looking forward to a season of unusual prosperity, as more oysters are being grown in their waters than at any time within twenty-five years.

IT is stated that three prominent silk manufacturers from Macclesfield, England, have decided to settle in Paterson, N. J., next year, bringing several hundred hands with them.

THE brass works at Rome, N. Y., are turning out two tons per day, and have orders sufficient ahead to keep them at work nearly two months. The rail mill is temporarily closed for want of iron.

THE New York carpet trade was never better than at present. Some of the manufacturers say they don't want to see another order; that they have all and more than they can do for six months to come.

DURING the first six months of the year \$13,524,000 have been invested in railroad construction, most of that money having been expended in the Western States. The steel alone used has cost about \$8,000,000.

THE Atlanta (Ga.) Rolling Mill is now manufacturing rails, fish-plates, merchant bars and bridge iron. The mill employs 500 men, and is running full double time. Present orders will keep them busy till November.

THE old Lake Superior iron mine is again asserting its prominence. Its lake shipments up to August 20th footed up 91,080 gross tons, against a total of 65,960 tons for a corresponding period last year—a gain of 25,120 tons.

THE Internal Revenue Bureau has prepared a statement, showing that the number of gallons of spirits produced during the fiscal year of 1879 was 71,892,617, against 55,103,108 in 1878, showing an increase of 16,789,564 gallons.

THE report of the business of the port of Baltimore for the month of August just closed shows an increase in the amount of grain received of over a million bushels, the receipts being 5,548,000 bushels, all but about 800,000 of which was exported.

THE grape crop along the Hudson River promises to be the largest ever gathered. The vines will, it is said, aggregate three tons to the acre. The principal variety is the Concord. Growers in several places will ship as many as thirty tons each.

THE Kansas City Price Current reports the yield of wheat in ten counties in Southeastern Kansas at 2,057,655 bushels, against 1,139,654 bushels last year, showing an increase of 918,001 bushels. The estimated corn crop in ten counties is placed at 37,600,000 bushels, against 22,000,000 bushels last year—an increase of 15,000,000 bushels.

A COPPER belt some two miles long and from 200 to 400 feet wide has been discovered about the middle of the southern part of Maine, directly on the coast. Some twenty miles to the northward of this copper belt silver has been found in flakes, masses and filaments. A shaft has been sunk some hundred feet deep, and it is reported that the ore increases in richness with the depth.

THE total yield of the Leadville carbonate camp up to the close of July was \$4,401,283; 47,929 tons of ore were produced, equal to 9,593 billion tons and 3,391,488 silver ounces. The average yield of all ores smelted there is estimated at seventy ounces to the ton. In addition to the product of the local smelters, there have been shipped from Leadville over \$5,250,000 worth of high grade ore. About ten tons of ore are now shipped daily.

REPRESENTATIVES of the Bessemer steel works of this country held a meeting in Philadelphia, on September 3d, at the rooms of the American Iron and Steel Association, for the purpose of adopting such measures as they may deem proper for the regulation of the trade, which is now more active than for several years past. Out of the eleven Bessemer steel works in this country, ten were represented at the meeting, the Vulcan Works, of St. Louis, being the only one unrepresented. Reports represented the trade as enjoying an extraordinary degree of prosperity and the prospect is of the brightest character. Without an exception every rail-mill in the country has orders for more than it can produce up to the end of the year, and many of them have already taken orders for several months in the ensuing year.

THE exports of wheat to Europe from the four principal Atlantic ports for the week ending August 30th amounted to 4,596,737 bushels, as follows: New York, 2,476,365 bushels; Baltimore, 1,142,919 bushels; Philadelphia, 700,465 bushels; Boston, 276,958 bushels.

The exports of corn were: New York, 777,962 bushels; Baltimore, 143,685 bushels; Boston, 972,009 bushels; total, 1,893,650 bushels.

Of the exports of wheat, 1,045,543 bushels were shipped to Antwerp, 640,236 bushels to Liverpool and London, and 1,447,215 bushels to France.

The receipts and exports of wheat at the seven seaports of the Atlantic coast in the last six weeks were: Receipts, 32,256,650 bushels; exports 22,868,884 bushels; an increase in the receipts over the same period last year of 14,686,959 bushels, and in the exports 9,970,325 bushels.

AN incident more practically illustrative than statistical figures of the prosperous condition of the iron manufacturing industry in this country has just occurred in connection with the negotiation by Government officers for the iron-work on the extension wing of the new State, War and Navy Department Building in this city. Instead of advertising for bids, the officers in charge of the work addressed circular letters to the prominent iron manufacturers and contractors throughout the country requesting them to submit estimates for the iron-work. Replies to these circulars have been received, and, strange to say, in the majority of cases the contractors have declined to bid for the work on account of the large number of orders ahead. As a rule, there is great competition for Government work of this kind, for the reason that the prices are usually liberal and payment prompt. Now, however, instead of being embarrassed to decide between the bidders, the Government is likely to experience some difficulty in getting the proper persons to do the work.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—SAVANNAH will celebrate her centennial on October 9th.

—THE shipment of pine straw from Wilmington, N. C., to New York is assuming large proportions.

—THE excess of the earnings of the Sing Sing State Prison over the expenditures for August was \$3,300.

—THE Minnesota sugar-cane, out of which a splendid article of sugar is made, is grown successfully in West Tennessee.

—THE celebrated Kennedy cattle-ranch, Texns., on the Rio Grande, has been purchased by an English company for \$950,000.

—THE General Assembly of Virginia is stocking the waters of that State with game and food fish. A hatchery has been established in Wayne County.

—In the capital of Japan there are about seventy thousand soldiers, all in the American uniform, and provided with arms purchased from the United States and England.

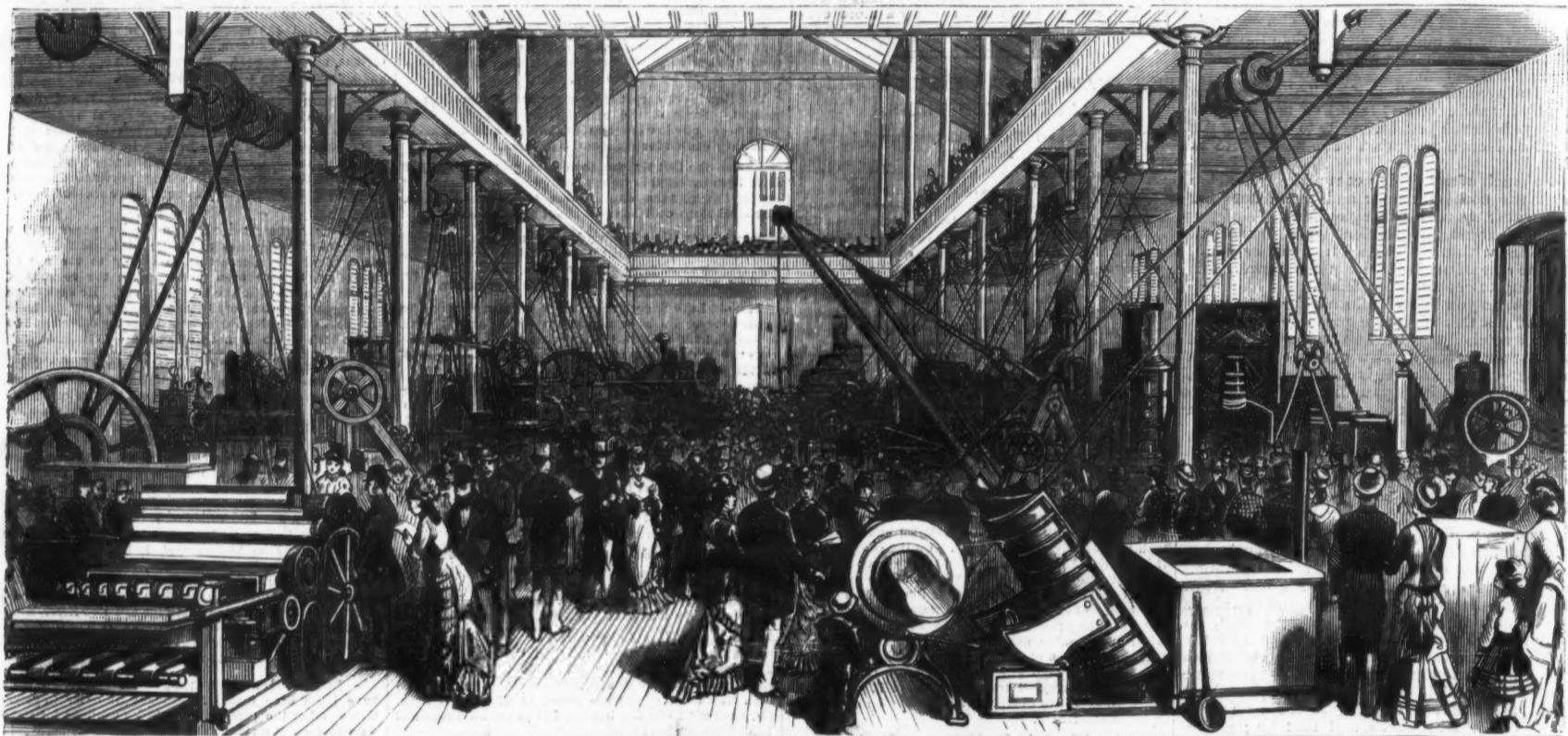
—FOUR millions of the old State debt of North Carolina have been retired and new bonds given in their place, the latter representing \$1,120,000. Eight millions of the old bonds yet remain outstanding.

—THE famous Whitehall gold mine on the narrow-gauge railroad near Fredericksburg, Va., formerly owned by Commodore Stockton, has been purchased by Boston capitalists and operations will be resumed October 1st. Some years ago this mine yielded \$140,000 in seven months.

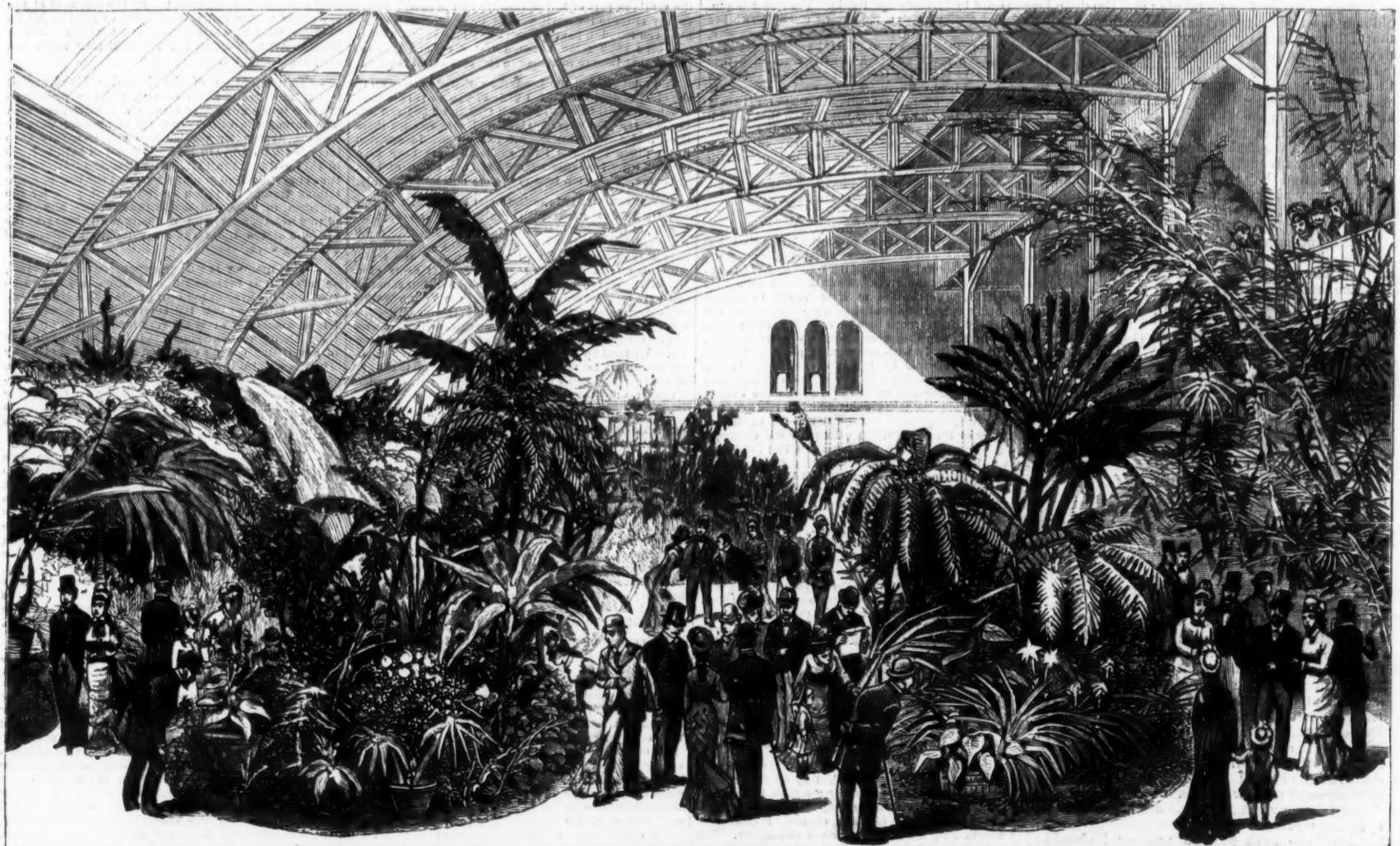
—THE annual meeting of the American Methodist Mission in Japan has been held in Tokio. Four natives were admitted to the ministry on trial. There were reported 438 members, a gain of 209, 170 probationers and 54 children. The natives contributed for various purposes \$445. There are 773 scholars in the Sunday and 346 in the day schools.



THE COLLECTION OF PAINTINGS IN THE ART GALLERY.

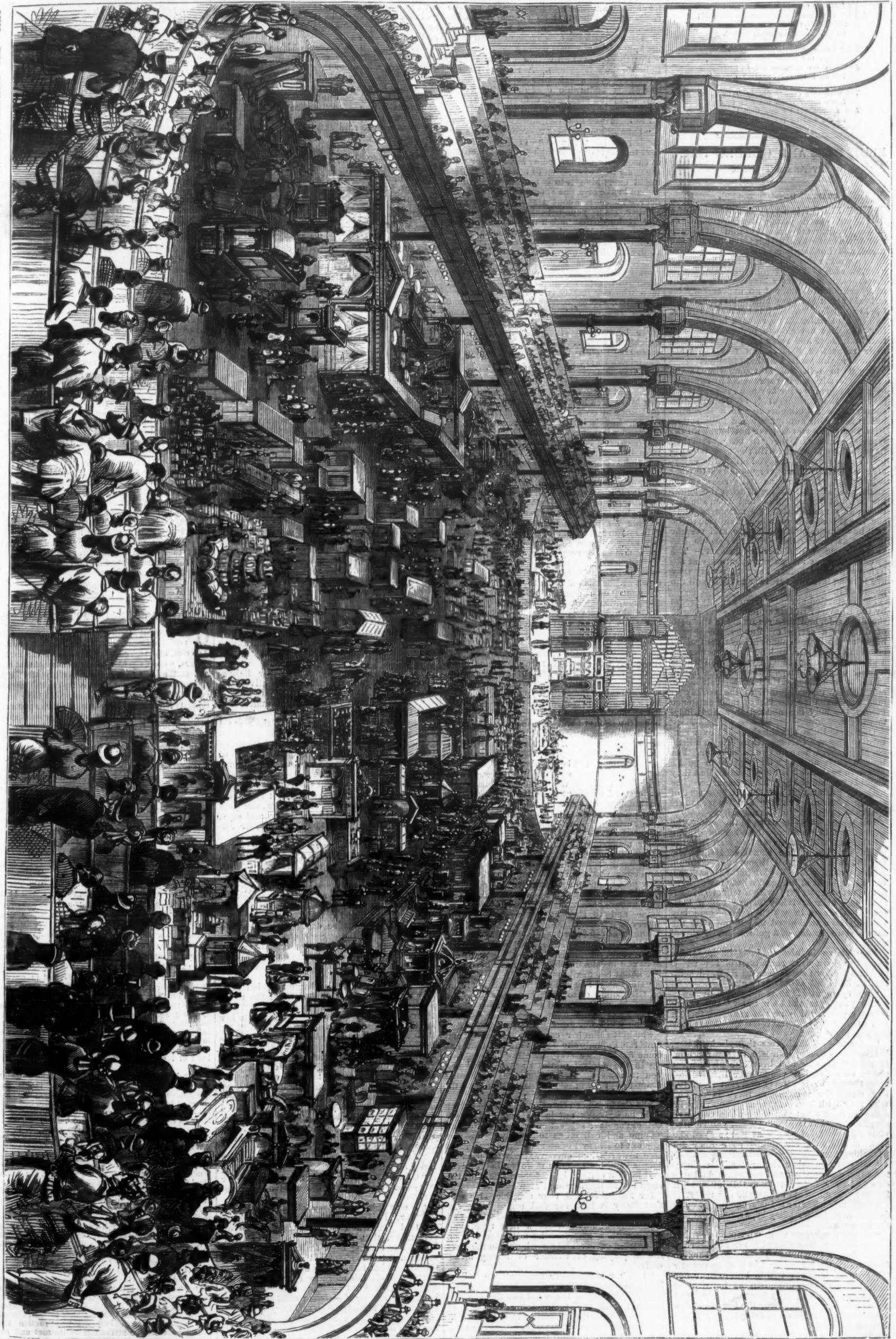


DISPLAY OF MECHANICAL INVENTIONS IN MACHINERY HALL.



EXHIBITION OF FLOWERS, FRUITS AND VEGETABLES IN HORTICULTURAL HALL.

OHIO.—THE SEVENTH INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION OF CINCINNATI IN THE GRAND PERMANENT BUILDINGS, SEPTEMBER 10TH TO OCTOBER 10TH.
FROM SKETCHES BY WALTER GOATER.—SEE PAGE 42.



OHIO.—THE SEVENTH INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION OF CINCINNATI IN THE GRAND PERMANENT BUILDINGS, SEPTEMBER 10TH TO OCTOBER 16TH—VIEW OF THE EXHIBITS DISPLAYED IN THE MUSIC HALL.—From Sketches by WALTER GOATER.—See PAGE 42.

REGRET.

REGET, regret! a potent spell
To chain the memory to the past;
To bid the tear of sorrow well,
And suffocate the heart at last.

What hopes, with fairest colors lined,
Besiege the weary, burdened breast,
And seek for entrance but to find
The casket filled by black unrest!

Yet with this canker deeply fraught,
Life's bitter trials must be met,
And soothed but by one fond thought—
To die will be my least regret.

BLUE EYES AND GOLDEN HAIR.

BY ANNIE THOMAS.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED).

MISS ELDON is a very fair specimen of a well-bred young Englishwoman, as having "taken it out of him" in a sharp trot down to the Kensington Gardens rails, she turns, and, holding her handsome little horse in to a walk, rides slowly along. There is no "doubt" about Daisy, even in this place, where discernment is so sorely taxed. There is not a superfluous button, not an unnecessary bit of braid about her navy-blue habit; and round the brim of her hat there is not a superfluous half-inch of tulle. You remark immediately that she does not ride to her audience, and that both horse and rider are perfect types of their respective kinds. But if you do not know her, you remark nothing further.

Truth to tell, she is riding the Knave of Hearts with most reprehensible carelessness this morning; for her mind is very much given to the consideration of that question concerning Sir Bolingbroke which her aunt has raised with aunts' zeal and indiscretion. Miss Bertram's words have not borne all the fruit she intended them to bear; still they have had some weight with the girl, who has up to this morning enjoyed all that is enjoyable without troubling very much as to what is to follow. But now, as Daisy rides slowly along, she falls to thinking of what the home-life down at Burnsleigh is; and when she has thoroughly reawakened the memories of it, she has it borne in upon her vividly that she will have to go back to that life, and resume it, just as though this brilliant episode had never come within her experience. The sweet blue eyes are gazing apparently at the living panorama before her. In reality they are looking into the future, and seeing all the gloom of it.

She is startled abruptly from her daydream by the Knave of Hearts suddenly swerving to the near side, and then returning to the path of duty by a series of plunges. Well-bred horse as he is, he cannot always control an emotion of surprise, and he has experienced a profound one in seeing a young man who is leaning on the railings sweep off his hat in salute to Miss Eldon. He is an English horse, and utterly unaccustomed to the society of men who signalize the fact of their existence before the lady has nodded an acknowledgment of it.

Of course Daisy sits the shy. If I ever venture to unseat a heroine, it shall be in a little country lane, where no one can see her. For though such accidents do happen in public places in real life, it is not advisable that they should ever befall a heroine of romance. The majority prefer that she should be a sort of female Admirable Crichton, and it is well to respect the prejudices of the majority.

But though Daisy remains in the saddle, the shy arouses her suddenly from her daydream, and looking with understanding for the cause of the emotion of the Knave of Hearts, she finds it in a young, tall, lissome figured man, whose swarthy face is glowing with satisfaction at the sight of her, and whose tawny eyes are riveted upon hers with a tender earnestness that brings vividly before her a half-forgotten scene, in which a handsome boy transferred a well-loved mastiff puppy to the care and ownership of a golden-haired slip of a girl.

The Knave is almost brought upon his haunches by a dexterous turn of her wrist, and in a moment she is leaning forward, holding her hand out with hearty gladness.

"Harry Poynter! How did you know me?"

"By your eyes and hair, Daisy," the young fellow replies; "they're not changed, though you are. But I ask the same question: how did you know me?"

"I knew—" she begins, then she hesitates. It is difficult to say how she recognized him. In the old days he had been the pleasantest object on which her vision ever lighted, and now, though he is utterly different from the boy whom she remembers, there is no one who may with him compare. "You're very different from what you were when you gave me Tartar; but still, somehow, you're like your own self," she says, at last; and as she says it she sees Sir Bolingbroke Bray approaching her.

"So you remember Tartar, too?" Mr. Poynter says, delightedly; and her attention being caught by Sir Bolingbroke at this juncture, it is some few moments before she can reply.

"Remember Tartar! Does one forget one's dearest friend after being separated from him for a month?"

"Who's the happy man who occupies that proud position, Miss Eldon?" Sir Bolingbroke says lightly, laughing. He quite means to have Daisy for his wife; but it does not stir the faintest jealousy within him to hear her speak of some one unknown as her dearest friend. If she will only become Lady Bray he is quite prepared to bear the burden of her forming a dozen "dearest friendships," if she so inclines.

"He's only a dog," Daisy says; and then she turns a little in her saddle, and inclines her

head slightly to Sir Bolingbroke, in a way that ought to show him that she considers their interview at an end—that he is free to, and she ready and willing that he should, ride on—and that she desires to resume uninterrupted intercourse with the handsome, debonair-looking young fellow who is leaning over the rails.

But this is not at all within the limits of Sir Bolingbroke's intentions. A rival in the abstract, or even a defined rival if he only be absent, is endurable enough to the young baronet; but a rival well defined and present, who engrosses Daisy's attention away from Sir Bolingbroke Bray, is quite a different thing.

"I shall have the honor—your aunt has accorded me her permission—of being your escort this morning, Miss Eldon," he says, sitting at ease coolly, and regarding Mr. Poynter with the same lazy expression of interest which he might exert himself to evince at sight of an Indian brave or a fine specimen of a wild red-deer. There is about Harry Poynter such vitality, such young, healthy, happy vigor and freshness, that he is a marked object here in the ranks of languid, bored, fashionable-looking men. It is not that the recently returned squire of Glenholme is rough, unpolished, ill-dressed, or "bad form" in any way; it is simply his looking thoroughly "alive" which distinguishes him from the majority of the men who are inertly reclining in divers attitudes that are expressive of utter weariness on the railings under the blazing July sun. Daisy, who is replete with this same physical force herself, perceives and appreciates it quickly in another, especially when it is presented in so fair a guise as in the person of her old friend, Harry Poynter.

Tartar is a very thawing topic. They discuss him as he was in the days of his infantile grace and innocence, and Daisy describes the dog into which he has developed. She winds up her essay on Tartar by saying:

"But how is it that you've been so long in England without seeing him?"

"Because," he says, "I denied myself that bliss in order to watch for the opportunity, which has come at last, of seeing you."

Daisy's pearly face grows pink as she hears him, and her eyes gleam like stars with the sweet pleasure she feels in her old friend's remembrance of her. Of what avail is it to Sir Bolingbroke now that he has the place at her off-side for the remainder of this morning's ride? Harry Poynter has the nearer place in her interest; and that once fairly awakened, the end is not so very unforeseen.

"It has been the one drawback to my otherwise perfect felicity up here that I wasn't down at Burnsleigh when they welcomed you to your 'own again,'" she says to young Poynter, disregarding grandly the symptoms Sir Bolingbroke is lazily developing of its being his opinion that it would be well for them to move on.

"I had staid away from 'my own' for a good many years for other people's pleasure; it occurred to me that it wouldn't hurt other people very much if I staid away a little longer from my own," he answers, sparkling up with a sense of the entire appreciation she will have for all that is meant or may be meant by his speech. "I didn't feel inclined to hie me home the instant I was free to do so; the place and I know so little of each other that I shall see very little of it, if itself is the only attraction it offers me."

"You shall not be an absentee," she cries out. "I mean—I beg your pardon, Mr. Poynter; but I live in the place, you know, and understand all about the advantages and disadvantages of your absence or presence. The people you let it to were rich and good enough in their way; but they thought more about the London shop by which they make their money—very naturally—than they did about ameliorating the condition of the poor or oiling the social hinges of the neighborhood. And papa was a sort of stand-between those new people and the Granvilles and others of the Granville ilk, and papa suffered. Don't you understand now why I wish you to go home and to stay at home—as you will, Harry?"

She bends forward again to offer him her hand in farewell as she says this, and a smile like a sunburst gleams forth from her glorious eyes and breaks the lines that have been sombre about her flexible lips.

"Oh, Daisy, Daisy, if you look like that I'll go to Glenholme or to anywhere else for your sake," he mutters; and then he adds aloud, "May I have your address? I hear you are staying with your aunt, Miss Bertram."

She gives him her card at once gladly, and now Sir Bolingbroke feels that the time has come for him to assert himself.

"In the interest of the Knave I must beg you to come on, Miss Eldon; he has chafed against your unconsciously tightened hand till his mouth is bleeding."

She slackens her rein at once, and the clever little horse steps out in his matchless style without another suggestion being made to him. "Come and call on us to-morrow," the girl calls out to Harry Poynter, turning her bright face towards him encouragingly; and as he shouts back his promise to do so, he resolves that he will call and call again till he wins the right to call this darling Daisy his own.

Sir Bolingbroke is very sensible. He sees that Daisy is in a rarefied atmosphere, the chief elements of which are recollection and possibility, admiration for a new type, sympathy with a good-looking adventurer upon an untried career, and girlish glee in the part she is playing of wielder of strong men's wills.

"Let her nourish her fancies," Sir Bolingbroke thinks as he trots along by the Knave's side, discoursing of the wind and the sun, the weather and the forthcoming banquet at Orleans House, the impossibility of existing in London an hour after "one feels that the time to go has come," and the miserable nothingness of a life that has to be lived away from

London altogether. "Let her nourish her fancies; they are intangibilities that will never interfere with my comfort; and the effort she makes at nursing them throws an enormous amount of expression into those seas of love and fantasy—her eyes."

Accordingly, in fulfillment of his view of the case, Sir Bolingbroke sends sentiment to the right about altogether this morning, and talks nothing but society to her.

"You'll be at Lady Beaumont's to-morrow of course?" he half-questions. "St. Briac is to conquer the heiress of the year, Miss Millard, on his own ground—it's an understood thing: she goes for the title and his good looks, and he goes for all that 'cotton' can procure him."

"How very funny, and how very sad!" Daisy says, sagely. "You speak just as if Miss Millard were a bale of goods, and as if Lord St. Briac wouldn't have to live with her so long as they both do live, if they marry."

"That doesn't always follow, Miss Eldon," Sir Bolingbroke answers with (to his credit, be it said) a heightened color.

"What doesn't always follow?" the Daisy asks, in innocent forgetfulness of the "story" of Sir Bolingbroke and Lady Bray.

"Well, it doesn't always happen that people live together, 'so long as they both do live,' because they marry unadvisedly. Let me tell you—"

"No; tell me nothing," Daisy interrupts. "People shouldn't marry unadvisedly. We can all stay as we are if we can't marry the one we love; and if we marry the one we love, then it must be all right."

"That's your theory," she lisps, laughingly.

"That's what I believe, Sir Bolingbroke."

"Well, my practice has been somewhat different; but I won't defile your ears by giving you a recital of the last Lady Bray's works. I have been a very badly-treated man, and I thought myself a blighted man, Miss Eldon, until I saw you; now I feel that I still have a motive in life, and that motive is to win you for my wife."

He is a graceful, lissom, well-favored young fellow, and he has a baronetcy and twenty thousand a year. Daisy remembers that he is, and that he has all these advantages, as she listens to him. Across her mind, too, as she listens, there flashes a vision of what Burnsleigh life is and will be. But closely following on that vision there comes one of a gallant-looking, dark-eyed, sanguine-complexioned man, who has looked at her this day with a look to which her heart has beaten responsiveness, in a way that it has never beaten to the look of another man. And side by side with this remembrance there rises another—that of Sir Bolingbroke's sorely tried, sadly fallen, lost, unmentioned, and unmentionable wife.

Daisy is not a woman of the world yet. She does not understand that "these things are," but are not to be mentioned. So she comes out with rather a hard rejoinder to his request.

"What an unworthy motive, Sir Bolingbroke! For your real wife is still alive, isn't she?"

"She is not a woman of the world yet. Don't you understand that I have divorced her?"

"I don't understand anything of the sort; I only understand that what God has joined together man cannot put asunder. I am sorry for you, for I think you ought to live the rest of your life alone, and that thought is a sad one. Now, shall we go home?"

"I am to consider your answer a final one?"

"Yes, please," she says, simply; and, as they come to the end of the Row, she puts her hand out to wish him good-by, and says, "No one will know of this from me, Sir Bolingbroke."

"I don't care who knows that I have 'loved the highest,' though it's been my ill-fortune to have loved in vain," he says, in a tone of such brave sincerity that Daisy's heart melts towards him, and her eyes beam such admiration for the many candor with which he speaks of his disappointment, that he takes heart of grace, and determines to "try her again" at some future day. "Her head is a trifle turned by the success she has had," he tells himself. "When the season is over, and she has to face the parsonage and the poverty again, she'll take a more lenient view of my position."

Meanwhile Daisy rides home with her head and heart in a whirl of delight at the unexpected *rencontre* she has had with her old friend Harry Poynter. By the time she gets into her aunt's presence she has forgotten all about Sir Bolingbroke Bray, and so she replies to Miss Bertram's anxious inquiry, "Well, have you seen him?" with the words:

"Yes, aunt, and it has made me so happy; he's coming here to call to-morrow."

"It's rather strange that he does not come to-day, I think," Miss Bertram cries, embracing Daisy rapturously; "my darling child, I am so pleased! The best match of the season! Twenty thousand a year and a title! They will admit down at Burnsleigh that I have done well for my niece."

"Are you thinking of Sir Bolingbroke?" Daisy stammers.

"Of course I am; of whom else can I—or you—be thinking?" Miss Bertram almost screams.

"I was thinking of my old friend, Harry Poynter," Daisy says, blushing and laughing. "I told you when I first came up, if you remember, that the young Squire of Glenholme was coming back to live. Oh, didn't I mention it? I'm surprised at that, for I was thinking about him a great deal. He gave me Tartar. Well, this morning I saw him in the Row, and, oh, Aunt Bertram, he has grown so handsome, and he looks so splendid and manly! He's coming to-morrow to call on you—"

"Have you seen Sir Bolingbroke?" Miss Bertram interrupted, sternly.

"Yes."

Daisy feels that she is going to be sharply

cross-examined, and nerves herself to the task of baffling her aunt's curiosity and keeping her promise of "not letting any one know" that she has rejected the baronet.

"You have seen him, and he has spoken to you? At least he went to the Row for that purpose this morning."

"Yes, he spoke to me," Daisy says, innocently.

"And what have you said to him?"

"Oh, a number of things! I was in such high spirits at having seen Harry that I talked more than usual, I think."

"Do leave Harry, as you call him (I detest such familiarity between young men and women as exists in the present day) out of the conversation, and tell me, without further frivolity, how you and Sir Bolingbroke stand with regard to each other."

"Very pleasantly, I believe," Daisy says, quietly. "He told me about Lord St. Briac and Miss Millard; Lord St. Briac wants her money, Sir Bolingbroke says, and she wants the title. It's to be arranged to-morrow at Lady Beaumont's dance. Are we going to it, aunt? Sir Bolingbroke asked me, and I couldn't tell him."

"We are," Miss Bertram says, curtly. Then she sits in silence for a few minutes, feeling puzzled and disappointed. Sir Bolingbroke has evidently, she thinks, either failed to find an opportunity of wooing Daisy this morning, or failed to use it. No girl could resist avowing that she had received such a brilliant offer, if the offer had been made; at least ninety-nine girls out of a hundred could not refrain from uttering the vaunt. However, it is just possible, she feels, that Daisy may be the exceptional hundredth. She makes one more effort to discover exactly how things are.

"And that was all he said? You have nothing more to tell me?"

"Well, aunt, to tell the truth, I can't remember all," he said. He spoke about St. Briac and Miss Millard—that I've told you; and we talked of Tartar; and he said how splendidly the Knave trotted. And so he does, Aunt Bertram: there isn't another horse that comes near him as to pace or style of going."

"Wasted his time talking about Tartar and the Knave, the great goose!" Miss Bertram thinks, angrily, but she says aloud:

"Yes, Sir Bolingbroke is a good judge of horses, as he is of most things. The woman who is fortunate enough to win him will be the mistress of the best-appointed establishment in London;" and, after saying this, Miss Bertram does allow Sir Bolingbroke to drop out of the conversation.

(To be continued.)

THE GREAT CINCINNATI EXPOSITION.

ON Wednesday, the 10th inst., the permanent Exposition Buildings at Cincinnati, the finest in America, and representing a value of one million dollars, were dedicated to the citizens of that city, and at the same time opened to the public for the seventh and by far the most complete and magnificent of the series of Expositions which have made that city famous. The illustration which appears on page 41 gives some idea of the general shape and outline of the buildings, but can afford no just conception of their great proportions and architectural beauty. They together make the chief edifice of a city of large and handsome buildings.

It is not too much to say that the Exposition thus opened will be the grandest ever held in the West. The preparations for it have been very elaborate and comprehensive. The whole continent has been explored for attractions in the laudable effort to make this a complete and well-arranged exhibition of the present status of American agriculture, manufacture, art, floriculture and natural history. Each of these general departments will be elaborately treated that, while in any ordinary Exposition in the West it would be the conspicuous feature, in this Exposition the merits of the other departments will be forbiddingly to any. Cincinnati was the first city in the United States to make a public exhibition of a collection of machinery in motion, and this has always been a great attraction in her Expositions. This department, in the present display, will be more complete and interesting than ever before. It includes, in addition to machinery heretofore exhibited, a very perfect set of cotton-working machinery; an electric machine for the production of the electric light; a machine making envelopes by the hundred thousand; printing machines of the latest types and in great variety; the whole process of lithographing will be practically shown; a very complete set of flouring machinery is exhibited in operation; the latest and most improved ideas of farm-engines and pumps will be exemplified, not to mention nail machines, etc., etc., to the extreme limit of the space and accommodations of Power Hall.

Floral Hall, with its crystal roof, falling water, lake, grottoes and rare and costly plants and flowers, all lighted at night by electricity, presents a scene of beauty delightful to contemplate and pleasant to remember. The exhibits of rare exotics, ferns and other *cryptogamia* will be very large.

The student of natural history will find, in the rooms devoted to that exhibit, a very complete exposition of the fauna of the United States, culled from many of the largest private collections; and if he should be desir

resort—the Lookout House. Since that time the Bellevue, Highland House and Prier Hill Pavilion have been built, and, with their entertainments and attractions, are well worth an evening visit.

MANUFACTURE OF STOVES.

THE "FAVORITE" FOUNDRY IN CINCINNATI.

AS a matter of interest to the public we illustrate on page 44 a portion of the immense stove foundry of W. C. Davis & Co., located on Third Street, from John to Smith Streets, in Cincinnati. Our space is too limited to convey a correct impression of the extent of this mammoth establishment, but some idea of the process of manufacturing stoves can be gained from the illustrations we present. The buildings occupy the entire square from John to Smith Streets, and a portion of the square east of John Street, their warehouses being located on the square between Central Avenue and John Street. They employ about four hundred men. The principal molding floor occupies one and one-quarter acres, the main building being 50x150 feet, the storage building 50x100 feet, the sample room 50x125 feet, with two mounting rooms 100x170. The main building and storage rooms are each five stories high. They finish, complete for shipping, about one hundred and twenty-five of the celebrated "Favorite" cooking stoves per day. In addition to this they turn out daily a large number of heating stoves, and tons of hollow ware.

Their great specialty is their immense line of "Favorite" cooking stoves—for wood only, or for coal and wood. These goods are said to have gained a reputation never before attained by goods of this character, and must possess great merit to have reached the immense sale they now have. Each department of this large establishment is under the supervision of an experienced person, and great care is used in the inspection of the goods from the time they leave the hands of the molder until they reach the final finish in the completed stove. Only the best material that can be obtained is used, and the most skillful workmen employed to produce what is claimed to be the largest, best finished and most complete line of stoves in the world. The melting capacity of their two cupolas is about seven thousand tons per annum. Their goods reach almost every State in the Union, and several foreign countries—the "Favorite" being made in such variety as to meet the demands of all classes and nations—and, by means of judicious advertising, the fame of the "Favorite" cooking stoves has been carried to nearly every portion of the globe that is reached by American newspapers and periodicals.

In our page of illustrations, No. 1 represents a workman engaged in making wooden patterns; No. 2 is the salesroom of the company; No. 3 shows the men "catching" iron in the cupola; No. 4 is the apartment where the castings are cleaned; No. 5 is a general view of the molding room; No. 6 shows the manner of "feeding" the cupola; No. 7 is a scene in the polishing room; No. 8 shows the sifting, hammering, cleaning, touching up, dusting and pouring of the iron into the mold; and No. 9 is the filing room.

MEMPHIS UNDER QUARANTINE RULE.

THE situation of affairs in plague-stricken Memphis cannot be said to improve. While the yellow-fever continues its ravages with but little abatement, thieves and incendiaries embrace every opportunity to plunder and destroy. Companies of military and mounted patrols of citizens do duty day and night in protecting property and arresting suspicious persons. It is a curious anomaly that all the baser persons of the baser sort of people come to the surface in the presence of the worst and most hideous forms of pestilence and plague. A correspondent pictures the situation as follows: "Business has almost ceased except for the necessities of life; doctors, nurses, lounging negroes, Howard visitors, members of relief-organizations, State troops, police, firemen and newspaper reporters are all the people you see on the street. Occasionally some woman or child comes along to remind us of the past, but even that woman or child is acculturated."

A physician of the city who has been conspicuous in fighting the pestilence, describes the city as practically cut off from the world. There are no trains running into or out of the town, and nobody leaves the place without the authorities knowing it. No steamboats land there at all. The supplies are all brought down on barges, which are dropped by steamboats a couple of miles above the city, and allowed to float down. When they arrive at the city, men in skiffs or tugs secure them and bring them to the landing, as shown in our illustration. If there is any fever carried abroad it is done by some daring peddler who runs his wagon of supplies into the town on a venture, sells out, and then gets away as speedily as possible.

The Memphis Committee of Safety, under the chairmanship of Dr. D. T. Porter, have established camps on the Raleigh dirt road, and on the Mississippi and Tennessee Railroad; besides which there are Camp Marks, Father Matthew, Benjes, Burke, Langstaff, Teutonia, and one on the bluffs for the soldiers engaged in patrol duty, and their families. On September 2d the National Board of Health approved of the site submitted by Mr. Johnson, Superintendent of Quarantine, for the establishment of a quarantine picket, encircling the entire city and suburbs. Fifty mounted policemen were assigned to patrol duty at once to enforce this new regulation. Ingress and egress to and from the infected regions will be practically cut off, save in exceptional cases, where passes will be required certifying the bearer had the fever. This is the only practical measure set on foot to prevent the introduction of the plague to the surrounding hamlets and villages, now free from infection. By this means the conveyance of all baggage, plunder, bedding, goods and wares, in which infection may be secreted, will be effectually checked. Heavy penalties will be attached to all wilful infractions of the rules. No effort will be spared to institute effectual quarantine.

Quarantine regulations are also enforced at the transfer stations along the line of the Louisville and Nashville and the Memphis and Charleston Railroads. The fever has broken out at Buntyn's Station, six miles east of Memphis, in the district of Dr. Huber Jones, a Howard physician. Under the direction of the National and State Boards of Health the city is undergoing a thorough system of disinfection. Every house where the fever has developed and a death occurred is being fumigated and cleansed. All privy-vaults are being disinfected and covered with lime, preparatory to being emptied and filled with earth as soon as cold weather sets in. Sixty men and twelve teams are engaged in the work. The force use daily near 200 barrels of lime and 5,000 gallons of solution of

copperas. All nurses sent out by the Howards are furnished with a package of copperas and sulphate of zinc. The copperas used for disinfecting the discharges of patients. When a death occurs the corpse is washed with sulphate of zinc, then wrapped in a sheet wet with the same solution and buried at once.

The funds of the Howard Association are at last exhausted, and on September 1st, President Langstaff left for the principal cities of the West, North and East, to consult with the parties who last year so nobly aided in soliciting contributions for the relief of the sufferers from yellow fever.

No religious services are held in the churches, the authorities deeming a collection of people unfavorable, and about the only events of a pleasant character are the occasional dress-parades of the soldiers on the bluffs.

Father Walsh, who organized and superintended the Father Mathew camp last year, and took care of the sick and destitute of every class and denomination, is at his grand work again, and, we regret to learn, is sorely pressed for funds, having exhausted all his private means, and being without material outside help.

Nineteen new cases and thirteen deaths were reported on September 4th. On the same day the rules and regulations governing pickets and patrols on duty in the suburbs were promulgated. The most important of the rules provides that neither lint-cotton nor seed-cotton will be allowed to enter Memphis during the epidemic. A petition, signed by every merchant in the city, protesting against the enforcement of this rule, has been presented to Superintendent of Quarantine Johnson.

Jay Gould telegraphed the following from New York on the 5th:

To W. J. Smith, Acting President Howard Association, Memphis, Tenn.

I send you by telegraph \$5,000 to aid the Howard Association. I am certain the generous people throughout the country will contribute liberally to aid your stricken city. At any rate keep on at your noble work till I tell you to stop, and I will foot the bill. What are your daily expenses? Answer. JAY GOULD.

The money was forwarded through the Bank of New York, which will forward money free of charge for all persons desiring to make contributions. During the afternoon Mr. Gould received the following reply:

MEMPHIS, September 5th.

Jay Gould, Esq., New York City:

Your handsome donation of \$5,000 to the Howard Association of Memphis, to be used in relieving the sick under our care, is most gratefully acknowledged. The grand sentiment you express to continue our noble work, and, in the event that our appeal to the generous people throughout the Union is not heeded, that you would foot the bill, has served us all and strengthened our faith in the cause we are now engaged in. Such liberality as you have shown will, we have no doubt, find a responsive echo in the breasts of the charitable of the nation. Our expenses now aggregate \$1,000 per day, and should the fever continue to spread, the expenses must necessarily increase.

W. J. SMITH,
Acting President Howard Association.

Our front-page illustration represents a Sister of Charity on her errand of mercy—a scene from real life. The room is miserable, squalid, plague-stricken. It is divested of every superfluous article of furniture, all of which has gone to procure medicine and nourishment for the unfortunate man who now lies in the last dread pangs of the ghastly yellow fever. The terrible shadow of a terrible death is in that apartment. The wife now fears for her child, her famine-stricken child, who, already in the nausea of sickness, has ceased to clamor for food. Her husband dying, her child stricken—what a picture of utter desolation, of utter despair! A timid knock comes to the door; it remains unheeded. A second knock, and the crushed woman drags her tottering limbs to the portal. A ray of God's sunlight leaps into the room. In the doorway stands the messenger of consolation, the gentle messenger who will pour oil upon the bleeding wounds, and who will repeat the great grand lesson of the Good Samaritan.

Children's Games—How they Travel from Land to Land.

TRAVELERS, observing the likeness of children's games in Europe and Asia, have sometimes explained it in this wise: That the human mind being alike everywhere, the same games are naturally found in different lands, children taking to hookey, tops, stilts, kites, and so on, each at its proper season. But if so, why is it that in outlying barbarous countries one scarcely finds a game without finding also that there is a civilized nation within reach from whom it may have been learned? And what is more, how is it that European children knew nothing till a few centuries ago of some of their now most popular sports? For instance, they had no battledoor and shuttlecock and never flew kites till these games came across from Asia, when they took root at once and became naturalized over Europe. The origin of kite-flying seems to lie somewhere in Southeast Asia, where it is a sport even of grown-up men, who fight their kites by making them cut one another's strings, and fly birds and monsters of the most fantastic shapes and colors, especially in China, where old gentlemen may be seen taking their evening stroll, kite-string in hand, as though they were leading pet dogs. The European boy's kite appears thus an instance not of spontaneous play instinct, but of the migration of an artificial game from a distant center. Nor is this all it proves in the history of civilization. Within a century, Europeans, becoming acquainted with the South Sea Islanders, found them down to New Zealand adepts at flying kites, which they made of leaves or bark cloth, and called *mānū*, or "bird," flying them in solemn form with accompaniment of traditional chants. It looks as though the toy reached Polynesia through the Malay region, thus belonging to that drift of Asiatic culture which is evident in many other points of South Sea Island life. The geography of another of our childish diversions may be noticed as matching with this. Mr. Wallace relates that, being one day in a Dayak house in Borneo, he thought to amuse the lads by taking a piece of string to show them "ca's cradle," but to his surprise he found that they knew more about it than he did, going off into figures that quite puzzled him. Other Polynesians are skilled in this nursery art, especially the natives of New Zealand, who call it *mau*, from the name of their national hero, by whom, according to their tradition, it was invented. Its various patterns represent canoes, houses, people, and even episodes in Maui's life, such as his fishing up New Zealand from the bottom of the sea. In fact, they have their pictorial history in "ca's cradle," and whatever their traditions may be worth, they stand good that the game was of the time of their forefathers, not lately picked up from the Europeans. In the Sandwich Islands and New Zealand it is on record that the natives were found playing a game of drafts which was not the European game.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Cost of Rare Metals.—Dr. Theodore Schuchardt, of Goerlitz, Saxony, prepares all of the rare metals to complete chemical collections. The following are the quotations for some of them, showing that they are much dearer than gold: Corium, \$5 per gramme; lanthanum, \$10 per gramme; didymum, \$7.50 per gramme. These are obtained in globules by electrolysis. Thorium, in powder, is \$9 per gramme.

Benzole and Benzine.—These names have generally been regarded as synonymous, but certain pharmaceutical works now apply the name benzine to a light petroleum derivative, while benzole refers to a product of the distillation of coal. The two are very different in their chemical properties. No antiseptic can be made from benzine. True benzole is soluble in half to three-quarters its weight of alcohol, while the petroleum spirit requires six times its weight.

Magnesium Chloride for Gas-meters.—According to Dr. F. Brockhoff, a solution of magnesium chloride is found preferable to water for filling gas-meters. There is no appreciable loss by evaporation, freezing is practically impossible, and the gas is freed from ammonia. At the Giessau mines, in Germany, enormous quantities of this salt are thrown away, and it may therefore be available for the purpose suggested. In the United States glycerine and water, as recommended by Professor Wurtz, would be preferable.

A New Tanning Process.—Professor Knapp, of Brunswick, Germany, has finally succeeded in tanning leather by means of minerals, salts and acids, thus dispensing with the usual extracts of tan bark, gall, etc. The details of the method are not yet published, but there appears to be no doubt of the success of the experiment. The leather is said to be quite as good as that prepared in the old-fashioned way—the time required is very short and the cost of chemicals trifling. If all this be true, it will produce a revolution in an important branch of industry.

The Electric Light in Surgery.—Dr. Nitze, of Saxony, proposes to employ the electric light for the illumination of the interior of the body in surgical operations. The method employed is the incandescence of platinum, the same as has been adopted by Edison; and to protect the parts from the enormous heat there is an arrangement for passing a current of cold water through the brass handles. The instrument is called the Cystoscope, and consists of a long thin tube, on one end of which an optical apparatus can be screwed; at the other end are openings in which the platinum wire is inserted. Dr. Nitze hopes to be able to light up the interior of the stomach of a living patient by means of this ingenious contrivance.

The Adirondack Surveying Party.—consisting of ten persons, has made a start from Potsdam as the point of beginning. Dr. C. H. F. Peters, of Hamilton College, has accurately established the latitude and longitude of Potsdam, and the longitudinal meridian thus obtained will be used as a base line from which all calculations will be made. The survey will include the whole Adirondack region, locating its rivers, lakes, etc., of which map is to be made. Other parts of the State have been carefully surveyed by Dr. Gardner, and maps have been prepared in accordance. The triangulations are connected with the base lines established by the officers of the Coast Survey, and the position of every township will thus be accurately known.

M. Chevreuil.—now in his ninety-third year, began his usual course of lectures on organic chemistry at the Muséum of Natural History, in Paris, on June 10th. Notwithstanding his advanced age, he is most conscientious in the performance of all his duties, and will lecture if a single person is in attendance. A good story is told apropos of this quality. He recently found a single auditor, but, nothing daunted, expatiated for an hour upon an abstruse point in organic analysis. At the close of his lecture he noticed that his hearer did not move, so he announced that the lecture was finished and that the gentleman could leave, whereupon the man spoke up and said: "I beg your pardon; I am the cabman who brought you, and I was to wait to take you home."

Mr. Donald Mackenzie and M. Roudaire.—have proposed schemes for flooding the Sahara and creating an artificial inland sea in the interior of Africa. What is known as the Basin of El Joof is a great depression, 200 feet below the ocean level, in the western portion of the Desert of Sahara, covering an area of 60,000 square miles. Mr. Mackenzie, after several explorations, affirms unequivocally that all that would be required to convert the arid basin of El Joof into a vast sea would be to pierce a sandbar 300 yards in length and a little over 30 feet deep. He claims that when communication was once established the waters of the ocean would pour into the depressed basin and scour out the channel for itself. By means of such a sea the whole of North Central Africa would be brought within easy reach of the harbors of Europe.

Vivisection.—The sincerity of the opposition to vivisection now so rampant in England has been put to a severe test by the discovery that the construction of the Act of Parliament just passed "was so awkward that it forbade field sports as well as vivisection." It may be the height of cruelty to experiment upon dogs, hares, doves and frogs previously rendered insensible by chloroform, but to set dogs at wild boars to be gored to death, or to chase a poor hare all day across the fields, knocking up horses and worrying the keepers, is a refined and gentlemanly proceeding, which ought not to be interfered with by Act of Parliament. Nobody justifies unnecessary cruelty to animals even in the study of how to save men's lives, but as opposed to hunting for pleasure the surgeons think they have the best of the argument.

Explosion of Finely Divided Starch.—To prevent the adhesion of candy to the molds while in the process of drying, the cavities are brushed over with powdered starch. The molds are then put into rooms heated by red hot stoves to a temperature varying from 140 degrees to 180 degrees Fahrenheit. No gas jet or naked flame is on any account permitted in the drying-room, and all currents of air are carefully avoided. Notwithstanding all of these precautions accidents will happen, as was illustrated on August 6th, at a candy factory in Elm Street, New York. One of the men slipped from a ladder to the floor, thus raising a cloud of starch dust, and immediately there was an explosion which shook the entire building and severely injured several workmen. It is evident that a red-hot furnace is not the proper drying oven for such a locality.

Breathing Laughing Gas under Pressure.—Mr. Paul Bert, the eminent successor of Claude Bernard, has made a successful experiment in the application of the protoxide of nitrogen by means of an air pump. He mixes in a rubber bag eighty-five per cent protoxide and fifteen per cent oxygen. Inhaled at the ordinary pressure this mixture produces no effect; but if breathed in the bell of an air pump at the moment when the pressure has been raised a quarter of an atmosphere insensibility supervenes with extreme rapidity, and as the lungs find in the artificial atmosphere sufficient oxygen for blood-making, the respiration goes on normally. As soon as the mask is taken off sensibility reappears, and as soon as it is reapplied the patient becomes insensible. This discovery, it is believed, will have important application in surgery. The protoxide as applied by dentists at ordinary pressure has a tension of one hundred and its influence lasts only a short time.

PERSONAL Gossip.

PROFESSOR CHARLES PHILLIPS.—has resigned the Chair of Mathematics in the University of North Carolina because of ill-health.

LIEUT.-GEN. VALENTINE BAKER PASHA.—is likely to be nominated by the Ottoman Government to an important civil and military position in Kurdistan.

PROFESSOR JOHN TYLER.—a son of William S. Tyler, D.D., of Amherst, has just returned from a three years' course of study in Germany to accept the Professorship of Biology in Amherst College.

AMONG the deaths of last week was that of Mr. William Jay Barker, of this city, aged 56 years. Mr. Barker was a man of marked integrity and uprightness of character, and enjoyed in the fullest sense the confidence of all who knew him.

THE STATE DEPARTMENT.—has notified Judge Hilton that the Republic of Liberia has appointed him Consul for Liberia at New York. Judge Hilton, while appreciating the honor, has declined to accept, as business will not permit him to perform the duties.

THE new bishop of Jamaica is Right Rev. William George Tozer, D.D., who was graduated at St. John's College, Oxford, in 1851, was consecrated in 1863 as a missionary bishop, and after working for ten years on the east coast of Africa, resigned on account of ill-health.

JUDGE J. L. RICE.—of Keokuk, Iowa, who died last week, bequeathed \$10,000 to the Library Association of that city for the erection of a building, \$5,000 to Williams College of Massachusetts, and \$1,000 to St. John's Episcopal Church of Keokuk.

DR. ROSA WEIL.—a young Viennese lady, has shown herself to be so learned and practical that she has been appointed by her university—that of Bern—assistant lecturer to Professor Pflüger in the branch of ophthalmology, in which she has made very advanced studies.

THE ex-Empress Eugénie.—has just purchased of Baron Sessler-Herzinger the Castle of Wasserburg, Upper Styria. The front contains 122 windows, and the building is over 400 years old. She will have the ex-Khodive of Egypt as a neighbor, if he succeeds in buying of Moritz von Bartmann his Castle of Prank.

THERE are eighty colporteurs in connection with Mr. Spurgeon's church in London. They visit every month about 75,000 families. During the past year 162,000 tracts were distributed gratis, and over \$41,000 was realized from the sales of 927,000 separate publications. The total number of visits during the year was 922,290.

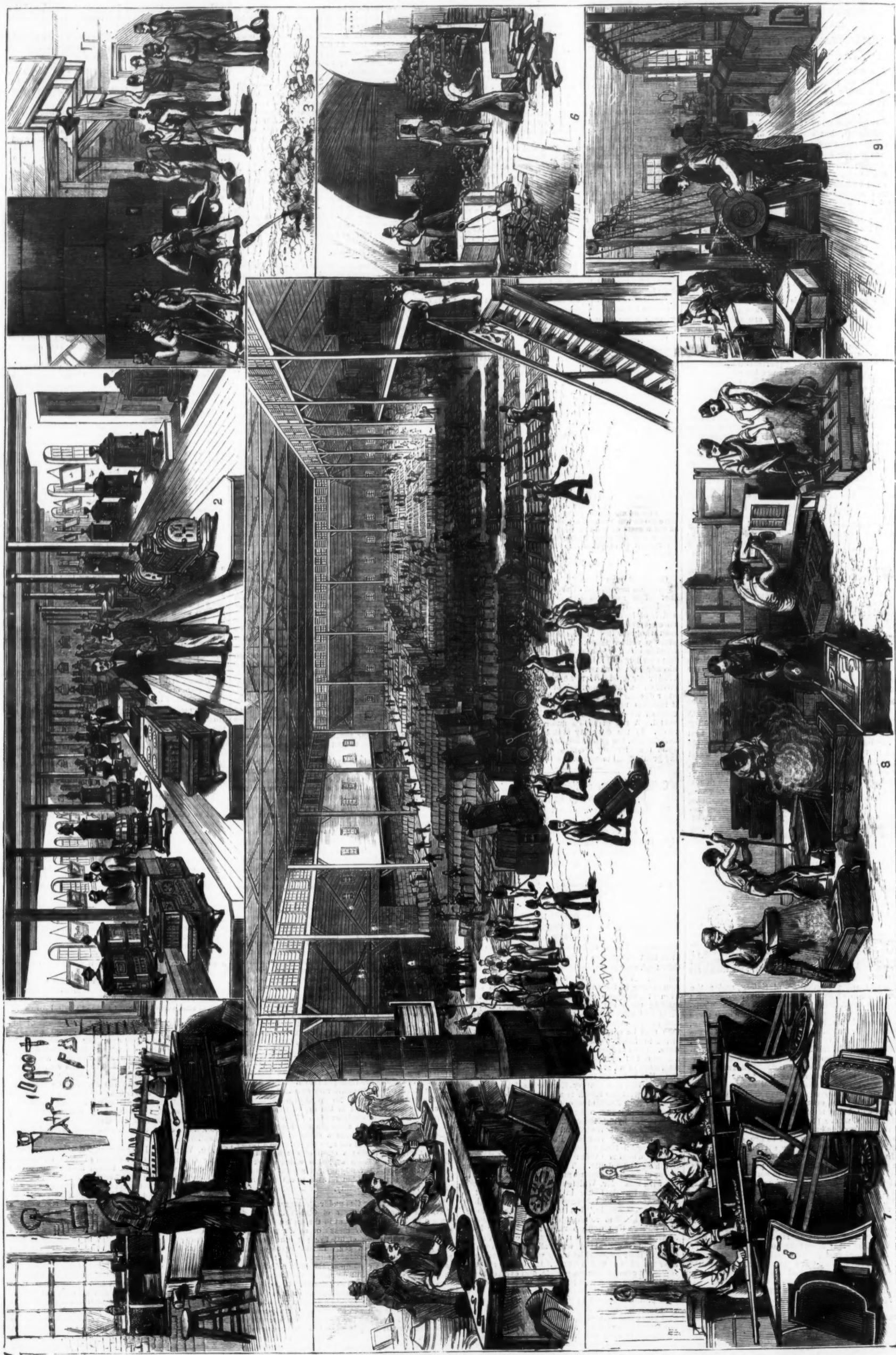
MR. KO-KUN-HUA.—the new Chinese Professor at Harvard, is a slender, richly-dressed man of forty. He is now established at Cambridge with his wife and six children. He is engaged to teach Mandarin Chinese for three years at \$200 a month. It will be taught simply for commercial purposes to those young business men intending to go to the East.

RANAVALONA.—Queen of Madagascar, has issued a proclamation to her subjects commanding them to send their children to school, saying that it makes her glad to see her subjects wise. She adds: "And so be all of you diligent, for although you do not now know the sweetness of knowledge and wisdom, you will discover it when they become yours."

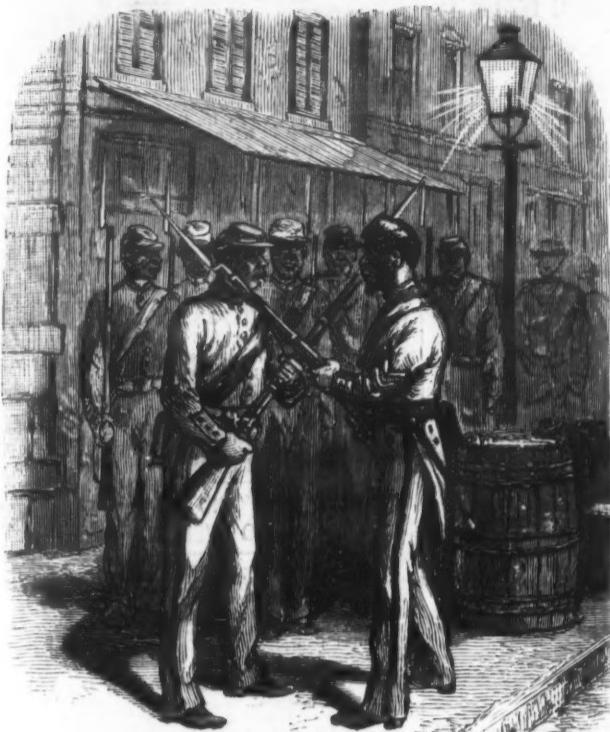
THE question as to the appointment of a bishop to the vacant See of Amiens, which caused considerable discussion between the Vatican and the French Government, has been settled by the Vatican's consenting to the appointment of M. Guibert, at present Bishop of Gap, who recently caused a sensation by declaring that the Church and the Republic could live on good terms with each other. He will be succeeded at Gap by M. Roche, another Liberal.

THE marriage of Carlotta Patti and Ernest de Munck was solemnized on Wednesday, September 3d, at the Mairie du Neuvième arrondissement and at Trinity Church, Paris. The witnesses for Mlle. Patti were the Marquis de Caux (Adeline Patti's late husband) and Signor Gardoni; for M. de Munck the witnesses were M. Chizola and M. Bourdillon. Only a few relatives and personal friends were present. After the ceremony a splendid luncheon was served at the bride's house.

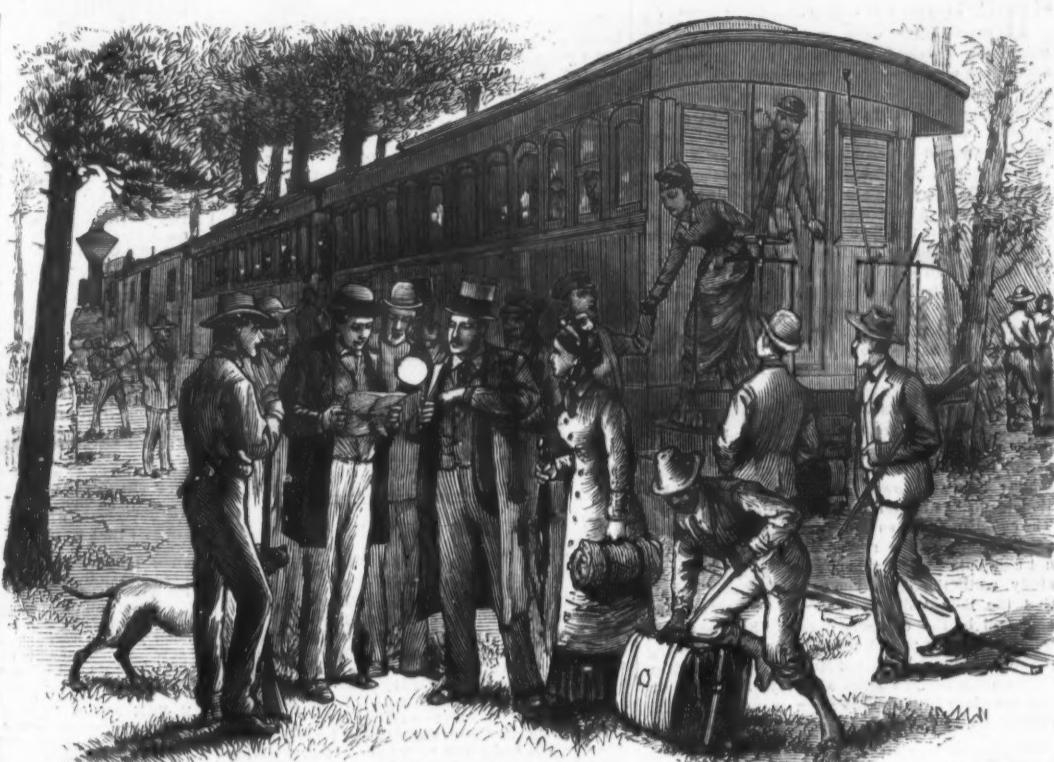
THE extent and character of the work done by Mr. Flinsoll, "the sailors' friend," is sufficiently indicated by the reports for the first half of this year, during which period 427 vessels were detained as unsafe under the provisions of the Merchant Shipping Act. Of 331 alleged to be unseaworthy by reason of defects in hull, equipment or machinery, only five proved on survey to have been improperly detained; in thirty-nine cases the sailors themselves entered complaint. Every one of the ninety-six vessels complained of as overloaded or improperly loaded was pronounced unsafe on examination; only one of these was reported by the crew.



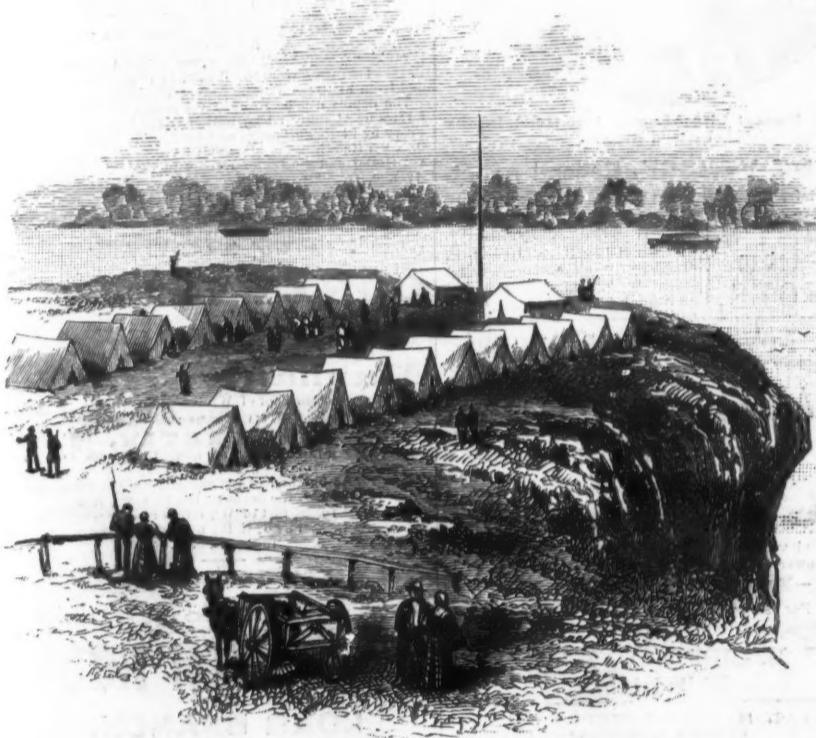
OHIO.—INDUSTRIAL INTERESTS OF CINCINNATI—PROCESSES OF MANUFACTURING STOVES IN THE FOUNDRY OF W. C. DAVIS & CO., ON THIRD STREET.—From SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—See PAGE 43.



RELIEVING THE GUARD OF THE COLORED PATROL.



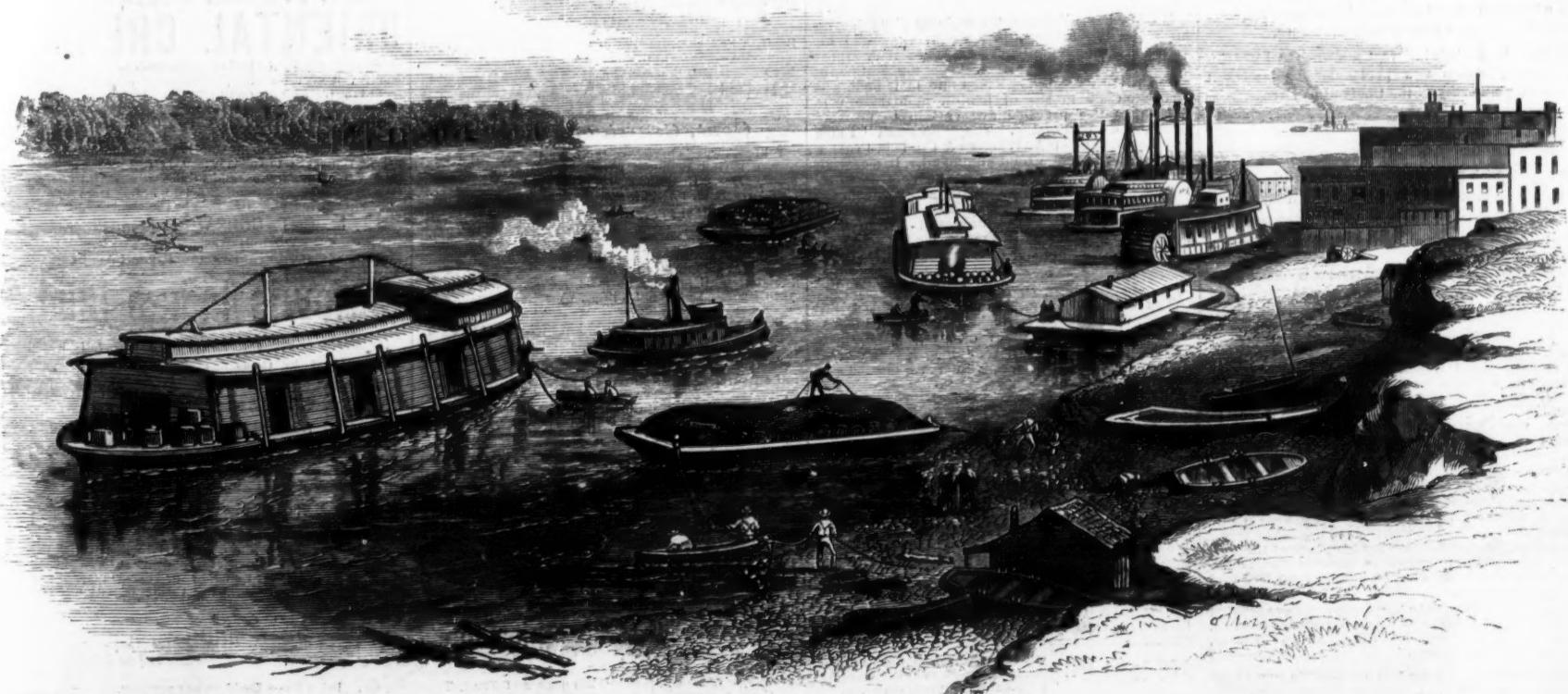
EXAMINING THE CREDENTIALS OF PASSENGERS BOUND TO AND FROM MEMPHIS BY RAILROAD.



CAMP OF THE McCLELLAN GUARDS AND ZOUAVES ON THE BLUFF.



HEADQUARTERS OF THE BOARD OF HEALTH—DISINFECTING WAGONS ABOUT TO START ON THEIR ROUNDS.



METHOD OF BRINGING FOOD INTO THE CITY.

TENNESSEE.—MEMPHIS UNDER QUARANTINE RULE—SCENES IN THE PLAGUE-STRICKEN CITY.—FROM SKETCHES BY MOISE.—SEE PAGE 43.

THE THEATRICAL SEASON.

"How charming!" "How superb!" "What a coup d'œil!" were the exclamations that involuntarily escaped the lips of the hundreds of spectators who assembled to witness the production of "Rescued" at Booth's Theatre on Monday night of last week. Mr. Boucicault has wielded a magic wand. He has transformed by a single touch the gloomy and overladen interior of this theatre into a very dazzle of bright and harmonious tints, into a hall as light, as glowing and as full of color as that of the Abencerrages. The ensemble is all satisfying, from the time-honored green baize curtain, upon which the eye loathes to refresh itself, to the beaded lights; from the velvet carpet to the gay livery of the lackeys; from the half-concealed orchestra, discoursing soft and dreamy music, to the gorgeous proscenium boxes. Everything seems in unison, and, despite the vigorous efforts of the gilding to establish a glittering pre-eminence, the whites and the scarlets muster sufficiently strong to keep his Golden Mightiness within average bounds. What a luxury are these proscenium chairs—roomy, caressing, reminding meekness of the Club, the fairer sex of the *boudoir*. Fans, too, are on "hand," while soda water flows gratis upon the lobbies. Mr. Boucicault has rendered Booth's a thing of beauty. The entourages are so seductive that the craniest of husbands or the most selfish of fathers dare not complain of the exchange from dining-room or study, while the auditorium is so admirably lighted that the ladies' dresses can be microscopically criticised by the captious ones of their own sex. "Rescued" is a pronounced success. The acting is superb, especially that of Mr. Clayton and of Miss Coghlan, the *mise en scène* is worthy of Boucicault, and the piece is put on the stage in a manner that reflects credit all round.

Max Strakosh's menu is a superb one, and the lovers of Italian opera may safely anticipate a series of banquets. Report speaks enthusiastically of Madame Stringer, a new prima, as well as of Mademoiselle Stoltz; while the vocal sensation will be Mademoiselle Blanche La Blanche, sister of no less a personage than Miss Fanny Davenport. Mr. Strakosh promises to do "Traviata," "Barbiere," "Faust," "Carmen," "Rigoletto," "Favorita," "Puritani," "Lucia," "Sonnambula," "Mignon," "Don Giovanni," "Matrimonio Segreto," "Flauto Magico," "Aida," "Ballo in Maschera," "Trovatore," "Norma," "Lucrezia," "Ugonotti," "Dinorah," "Roberto," "Lohengrin," "Guglielmo Tell," "Fra Diavolo," "Figlia del Reggimento," "Don Pasquale," "Cenerentola," "Freischütz," "Fidelio," "Ernani," "Nozze di Figaro," "Mefistofele," "Marta," "Moëde Egitto," and "Otello."

At the Grand Opera House that most excellent of *prima donnas* and most charming of little ladies, Miss Emma Abbott, has produced the opera of "Paul and Virginia." The pure and pathetic story is wedded to music worthy of the theme, and in the hands of "honest little Emma" the tender *Virginia* has found a true, a sympathetic, and a captivating exponent. With such artists as Mr. and Mrs. Seguin, *et al genus omne*, and in such management as Mr. Morrisey's, this distinguished troupe will render English opera all that the tastes of the most fastidious may yearn for.

Aimée is delighting cosmopolitan audiences at the Fifth Avenue. Her chic, her delicious daring, and her melodious warbling form a very fascinating ensemble. Her *répertoire* is as varied and extensive as ever, and those to whom bouffé at its best is productive of pleasure should go see and hear this *piquante* little lady.

"Brother Sam" gives Mr. Sothern a rôle in which he fairly revels, and the *habitués* of the Park Theatre well know how to appreciate the vagaries of the ever popular "Ned" S. That overflowing house testifies to this goes without saying.

At the Standard, Bandmann appears as *Narcisse*. Madison Square Garden is giving a very realistic performance of "Pinafore"; while at the Olympic Miss Jennie Yeomans and J. S. Siemens appear in "Mitt."

John T. Raymond's *Ichabod Crane* is drawing large houses at Wallack's, as it bound to do, for it is a masterly conception, and one that requires the most delicate and dexterous handling.

Niblo's is enchanting vast audiences with "Enchantment," which as a spectacular drama is put on the stage worthy of the Chatelet at Paris.

FUN.

Is a man with a wooden leg club-footed? It's a long worn dress that has no turning.

One of the oldest truths nowadays is Sojourner.

Does the maternal codfish call its young with a codfish bawl?

If blood will tell, a mosquito should be confessing nearly all the time.

JUDGING from the smell of the average church-goer, patchouli, musk, jockey club, frangipanni, etc., have taken the place of burnt incense of former times.

ONE man asked another why his beard was so brown and his hair so white. "Because," he replied, "one is twenty years younger than the other."

THE maddest man in seven counties is the farmer who worked like a hero to save a drowning man, only to find that he had rescued a lightning-rod agent.

"TO THE poor, all things are poor," said the grocer, as he weighed out a half-pound of his most robust butter for a ragged little fellow with a ten-cent piece.

A BOY will fight like fury for his place at the first table, but when it comes to turning the grindstone after dinner he's harder to find than five aces in a pack of cards.

A MASSACHUSETTS lady is reported to have scolded her little boy for taking a drink of water at a hotel. "For," said she, "we pay a dollar for our dinner, and water is very filling."

REFLECTIONS of a practical man—"We are going to have a bad year. I must undergo some hardships and make some sacrifices. First, I will lower my servants' wages. Second, I will give no more tips to the waiters at my club. Third, I will get invited out to dinner as often as possible."

A WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN AUTHOR.

REFERRING to his own complete restoration to health through the use of COMPOUND OXYGEN, after many years of invalidism and exhaustion from over-work, T. S. Arthur, the well-known American author, says in his *Home Magazine*, under date of February, 1878: "Drs. Starkey and Palen are physicians in regular standing, of high personal character, and above the suspicion of quackery or pretense. A new curative agent has come into their possession, and their administration of it, so far, has resulted in restoring to health many who had regarded their ailments as incurable, and in giving back a good measure of health to a large number of invalids who had vainly sought for help through other means of cure." The testimony of others as well known to the public will be found in our "Treatise on the Nature, Action, and Results of Compound Oxygen." It is mailed free. Address DR. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE Charleston and Savannah papers reach us with the usual yearly statement of the business condition of those cities. The facts and figures furnished in long array leave no doubt that these Southern marts are fully participating in the improved trade of the country.

SKIN DISEASE.

GREAT suffering for sixteen years. A wonderful cure by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

MESSRS. WEEKS & POTTER: Gentlemen—Cuticura Remedies have done me a power of good. I have been afflicted with skin disease for sixteen years. Some days it troubled me more than others, but at night the itching nearly drove me wild. I would scratch until the blood would run down my limbs. I have had several physicians. Some said they could cure me, but others said not. I will say that before I used the Cuticura Remedies I was in a fearful state, and had given up all hope of ever having any relief. But, like a drowning man grasping at a straw, I thought I would try the Cuticura Remedies, about which I had read so much. They have performed a wonderful cure for me, and of my own free will and accord I recommend them.

Yours truly, S. A. STEELE.
68 West Van Buren Street, Chicago, Ill.,
March 7th, 1879.

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HALFORD TABLE SAUCE. No gentleman's table should be set without it—a genuine relish.

THACKERAY, during his memorable visit to America, expressed the most unbounded liking for our hotels, though himself the most conservative of Britons. We can scarcely wonder at this when measuring by the standard of the St. NICHOLAS hotel, of New York. This great establishment is even better than in Thackeray's day, for it has kept in the van of every modern improvement. Its table, apartments, conveniences, etc., are unsurpassed.

HALFORD TABLE SAUCE, relish for soups, fish, steaks, chops, cold meats, gravies, etc.

DR. WILLARD PARKER, the eminent physician, on his eightieth birthday, last week, expressed his views at considerable length on the sanitary aspect of the temperance question. The moderate use, says Dr. Parker, of pure wines and malt liquors is an undoubted means of health, and those who adhere to this practice are certain to promote health and prolong life. The "AMERICA" Extra Dry Champagne of A. WERNER & CO. is just such a wine as Dr. Parker would commend. It meets all the demands of the case, and never fails to invigorate and strengthen, without unduly stimulating the system. The testimony and experience of physicians like Drs. Doremus and Parker add great weight to the claims made for the pure, unadulterated wines of our own country.

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Elevated Railroads run to South Ferry, connecting with steamer D. R. Martin hourly from 9:25 A.M. to 8:25 P.M., via Bay Ridge.

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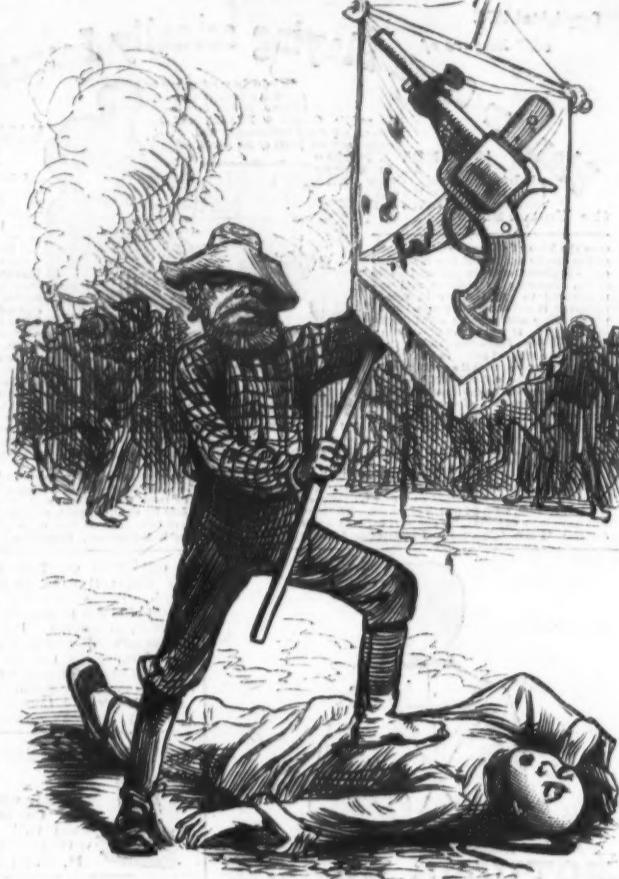
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